

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

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No. 475.—VOL. IV.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

WHEN a street fight takes place between two unequally-matched combatants, and the indignant public calls upon the police to interfere, it generally happens that the stronger of the two, as the moment of intervention draws near, makes a rush at the weaker and attempts, while there is yet time, to do him some serious injury. This is just the conduct that the Prussians have been pursuing towards the Danes in the matter of Düppel and its assault. The conference was on the point of assembling, and it was known that the object of the representatives of the two greatest Powers in Europe would be to bring about an armistice. France and England were quite agreed on this point; and it was said that, if the mere proposal of an armistice would not suffice, they were prepared to recommend it in such pressing terms that it would be difficult, and perhaps even imprudent, to reject it. Accordingly, Prussia, perceiving that before long she might be bound over to keep the peace, determined, while there was yet time, to strike her gallant, but comparatively feeble, opponent one severe blow. The blow has been given, much blood has been shed on both sides, and the Prussians seem to be under the impression that they have gained a glorious victory. The usual blasphemous "Te Deums" have been sung at Berlin, and the King has ventured to thank Heaven, in the first place, and his generals and soldiers in the second, for a piece of success which reflects no great credit on his arms, and which only marks a new

step in one of the most unjustifiable invasions of modern times. The most celebrated of Prussian Kings, whom Mr. Carlyle, though using the finest possible colours, is yet unable to white-wash with any success, and who still remains almost as black as he was originally painted, used to say that Providence always took the side of the biggest battalions. The remark became Frederick the Great less than any one else, and the result of many of his own battles proved it to be untrue. But the biggest battalions and the best arms have really won at Düppel, and the bravest men have lost. Four to one, even in an unjust cause, are overpowering odds. As a rule, one honest man is not a match for four robbers, and no miraculous interposition is necessary to account for a triumph which Prussian hypocrisy does not hesitate to ascribe to the Almighty, and which is really about as Divine a piece of work as any ordinary burglary accompanied by personal violence.

If the labours of the conference are likely to lead to any result, and if the decisions arrived at by the representatives of the principal European Powers are to become law, the blood shed at Düppel will have been shed in mere wantonness, or, at best, for no higher reason than to give the Prussian army an opportunity of distinguishing itself. In the eyes of Europe, however, the distinction earned in this unfair war is still on the side of the Danes. They have resisted in the most heroic manner an attack beneath

which it was impossible not to succumb in the end, while the Prussians, with every advantage on their side, have shown no great alacrity in profiting by their immense superiority in numbers, arms, and ammunition. Few nations could produce an army as brave as that of Denmark has shown itself to be, whereas the troops of almost any nation would be able to accomplish all that Prussia has done. Nevertheless, if the war ends now, the Prussians at least cannot be taunted with having put forth their strength entirely in vain. They have appeared in the character of bullies; but, having assumed that part, they have escaped the ignominy of being beaten. They will do well, however, not to over-estimate their success. The Prussian army would, doubtless, meet the French army now with more confidence than it could have felt before its campaign in Schleswig, when it had had literally no experience whatever of war; and this confidence would, so far, be to its advantage. But, whatever the opinion of the Prussians themselves may be, other nations will not consider that the exploits of their army in Schleswig have placed it on a level with that of the first military Power in Europe. The Prussians have proved that, aided by Austria, they are able to invade Denmark with success. Whether they would be equally successful in resisting an invasion of their own territory on the part of France is quite another question.

The news of the re-establishment of a good understanding



GENERAL GARIBALDI WITNESSING ONE OF MESSRS. HOWARD AND SON'S STEAM-CULTIVATORS IN ACTION, NEAR BEDFORD.

between France and England, followed immediately afterwards by the announcement of Garibaldi's sudden return to Caprera, gave rise to a report which at the beginning of the week found its way into one of the most credulous and unwisely ingenious of our journals, to the effect that France had given us the hand of friendship on the express condition that we should turn to Garibaldi the cold shoulder. It is difficult to imagine how such a bargain could possibly have been proposed, or how anyone could think it possible. Those who circulated the rumour seem, however, to have believed not only that it was proposed, but that an English statesman actually accepted it. Even then, how, it may be asked, was the agreement to be carried out on the English side? Was Garibaldi to be requested to go, and, in case of his refusal, was he to be turned out—he who, it may be said, is not the guest of one or more private individuals, but of the whole English nation? Or was he to be persuaded that he was ill, and to be sent home to Caprera, as Don Basil, in "The Barber of Seville," is sent to bed when his absence is so earnestly desired? The latter would, of course, have been the least impracticable plan of the two, and the Doctor Basile attached to General Garibaldi seems to believe that it has really been adopted, and that an attempt is now being made to put it in execution. In vain Mr. Ferguson declares positively that the General's health is not what it should be, and that repose is absolutely necessary for him. Dr. Basile maintains the contrary, and does not, or will not, understand what Mr. Ferguson means. To tell him that Garibaldi ought, for his health's sake, to go back to Caprera is like saying "Good-night" to the Basil of Beaumarchais's comedy and of Rossini's opera. In the meanwhile Garibaldi is perhaps preparing to speak for himself, and probably before these lines appear in print he will have informed the public which of his medical advisers seems to him (no bad authority on the subject) to be in the right.

In any case Garibaldi can only leave England of his own accord. The notion of anyone forcing him to leave is so utterly preposterous that not a moment's consideration need be given to it.

This new Garibaldian story will, no doubt, be made the most of by our friends in France; and to believers in the natural perfidiousness of Albion it will appear credible enough. Several of the French papers had already asserted that it was not without certain making conditions that France had agreed to stand by England at the conference; but according to them the stipulation was that we should not object to certain representations being dragged in in favour of Poland. It does, indeed, appear unreasonable, unfair, and undignified that we should allow Prussia and Austria to constitute themselves the champions of German nationality in Schleswig while, in direct contravention of the most formal treaties, they persecute Polish nationality in their own dominions.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* gives a denial to the statement that the French Government had used any influence with that of England to cut short the stay of Garibaldi in this country.

The Emperor has addressed the following letter, dated the 15th inst., to the Minister of Finance:—

"The happy solution of the Mexican affair creates in me a desire to see the country profit by the first repayment of the expenses of the war by diminishing the taxes on landed property. Be good enough, therefore, to see if it be not possible to effect the immediate suppression of the second decime registration fee, only preserving of the general law prepared by the Council of State those arrangements which may be strictly necessary for balancing the Budget. This measure, together with the hopes of peace, which every day become more certain, will contribute, I trust, to the development of public prosperity."

The convention between France and Mexico has been published. It states that the French troops are to be reduced as soon as possible to 25,000 men, including the Foreign Legion, and that they will gradually evacuate Mexico according to the organisation of the native army proceeds. The French commanders are not to intervene in Mexican administrative affairs. The expenses of the expedition up to July, 1864, are fixed at 270 millions of francs, which Mexico is to begin paying off at twenty-five millions a year. She is also to pay 1000 francs a year for each French soldier to be retained in her service after July. A committee is to examine the claims of French subjects.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

A letter from St. Petersburg, dated the 17th inst., announces that the merchants of that city intend to propose to the Government the abolition of export dues, on the ground that they impede the development of commerce, while the revenue derived from that source is comparatively unimportant.

Advices from Warsaw state that an Imperial ukase had been issued withdrawing the administration of the diocese of Warsaw from Monsignore Felinski. It is asserted that the Russian Government is making preparations for the secularisation of the convents, and intends taking measures against the Catholic clergy.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

The military news from America is not of much interest. The Confederates were reported to be constructing strong fortifications at the Orange and Alexandria railway crossing of the Rapidan. Much snow and rain had fallen, and the state of the roads precluded any movement of the armies in Virginia.

The Federals at Somerville, Tennessee, had been defeated by the Confederates under McCullough on the 30th ult., and lost three officers and seventy-five men killed and wounded. Memphis despatches to the 2nd inst. report that the Confederate General Forrest had returned to Jackson, Tennessee. St. Louis telegrams of the 5th inst. state that the Confederates in Mississippi were re-occupying their old lines on Big Black and Yazoo Rivers.

Mr. Seward had sent to the Congressional Committee on Immigration the outline of a bill which provides for the advance of passage-money to emigrants to America as a loan, to be afterwards repaid by their labour. The bill authorises the naturalisation of foreigners after one year's residence.

The House of Representatives, on the 4th, unanimously adopted a resolution, offered by Mr. Winter Davis, declaring that the United States would never recognise or tolerate a monarchy erected on the ruins of any Republican Government in America under the auspices of any European Power. This, of course, is directed against the new empire of Mexico.

CARIBALDI.

ABRUPT DEPARTURE OF THE GENERAL.

GARIBALDI is about to return immediately to his Caprera solitude. The visits which were to have been paid to so many great English and Scottish communities are not to take place. Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the many other cities and towns which had reckoned with so much confidence upon obtaining a sight of the noble face and hearing the musical and thrilling voice of the age's great patriotic hero are doomed to disappointment. The news came suddenly. Only a few days back it was believed that arrangements had been definitively made, and that other great communities as well as London were to have the privilege of receiving the illustrious visitor. But on Monday it became known that General Garibaldi's health is considered to have suffered so much from the fatigue of his visit as to render an immediate return to Caprera desirable. Everyone was taken by surprise; and it was asserted that the General was about to leave England in consequence of "pressure" applied to him by the Government at the instigation of the Emperor of the French. The declarations made in Parliament by Lord Palmerston and Clarendon sufficiently dissipate that notion, however.

GARIBALDI'S HEALTH.

Various letters on the subject of the General's health have been published. Two of these are letters addressed by Dr. Ferguson to the Duke of Sutherland, dated April 17 and 18 respectively. In the first Dr. Ferguson expresses doubts whether the strongest person could endure as much fatigue as Garibaldi was proposing to undergo, and states that he has already noticed indications of fatigue. He entreats his Grace to use his influence with Garibaldi to set aside much of this intended fatigue. In the second letter he states that the General that morning at an interview admitted fatigue, and did not appear so fresh as when he arrived from the Isle of Wight.

On several occasions, Dr. Ferguson adds, he has spoken of the excitement and bustle around as being so different from all about him in the ordinary tenor of his life, and this morning he referred particularly to mental exhaustion, from excitement more than from physical weakness. I certainly cannot take it upon me, as a professional man, to say that he is unfit to undertake any of his engagements in this country; but I have no hesitation in stating my firm conviction that by much work of the kind he would incur great and serious risk. Such, I believe, is the General's own opinion on the subject; and, if doubts remain, it might be advisable to call a consultation of several eminent professional men in London.

Another letter is addressed to Mr. Seely by Dr. Ferguson, dated April 16, and is to the same effect.

The following letter has also been published:—

Sir,—I have seen the letter of Dr. Ferguson to the *Times* concerning General Garibaldi's health, in which he states that it would be unsafe for his health to fulfil the engagements he has undertaken to visit certain provincial towns. I feel bound, as the physician in regular attendance upon the General, to affirm that his health is perfectly satisfactory, and that his wound, since four or five months elapsing, no longer requires surgical care. I make this statement with greater confidence inasmuch as it was confirmed on the occasion of his first consultation by Dr. Ferguson himself, and still more recently by Dr. Partridge.

I am firmly convinced that the General is able to undergo the journey without danger which he proposed to undertake.

Dr. G. BASILE, Chirurgo del Generale Garibaldi.

The General, it is believed, will leave on Monday, in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht, for Caprera; and he will not want careful attention during the voyage, for the Duke of Sutherland will accompany him, and with the Duke the Duchess and Dowager Duchess of Sutherland.

EXPLANATION BY MR. SEELY.

At a meeting of the General Garibaldi committee at the London Tavern, on Wednesday evening—Mr. E. Miall in the chair—

Mr. Seely stated that he attended the meeting in accordance with a request which had been made to him, for the purpose of explaining the reasons which had induced General Garibaldi to alter his plans and resolve upon returning to Caprera. The hon. gentleman confirmed the statement made by Lord Palmerston on Tuesday night in the House of Commons, that the weak state of the General's health was the only cause for his sudden departure. He himself, in common with other friends of Garibaldi, saw that he was not looking so well as when he left the Isle of Wight, and it was owing to a feeling of alarm about him that himself and seven other gentlemen requested him to change his provincial programme, and, instead of visiting some thirty towns, as at first intended, only visit six or seven of the principal towns, and to make those centres where deputations from adjacent places could assemble and present their respective addresses. Upon this suggestion having been made to him, Garibaldi resolved at once upon leaving England, as he could not carry out the original programme. As one who had advised General Garibaldi not to visit all the towns originally intended, he (Mr. Seely) was actuated by two motives—anxiety for the General's health and anxiety, too, for the General's cause; for he thought if the General were to go on a tour of visits of such a kind the London press would cease to follow him, and the consequence would be a gradual subsidence of public interest which would be injurious to the great cause which he hoped the General would yet accomplish—the unity and independence of Italy. He maintained that the English people were too busy to keep to one idea for weeks and months. He pledged his honour to the chairman and the meeting that he was not aware of any other cause for the General's departure but the state of his health and the suggestion which had been made to him to restrict his visit to six or seven of the principal towns. He also added that the General's address to the English people would appear in a day or two.

After a tedious and disorderly discussion, during which the chairman threatened more than once to retire from the meeting, the following deputation was appointed to wait on General Garibaldi and endeavour to induce him to change his resolution—namely, the Chairman, Mr. Beales, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Lawson, M.P., Mr. Rogers, Mr. Nicholay, and Mr. Potter.

The Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Seely have announced that, in consequence of the certificate of Dr. Ferguson, "the General will be compelled to forego his provincial tour, and to leave London on Friday morning. He will embark on board the Duke of Sutherland's yacht, and he will be taken by the Duke to his residence in Caprera."

VISIT TO THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Thursday, the 14th, Garibaldi, after paying a number of visits, dined with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and a select family party, including the Earl of Carlisle (who had just come over from Dublin), and at eight o'clock, accompanied by the Duke of Sutherland, proceeded to the Royal Italian Opera House to witness the performance of the operas of "Norma" and "Masaniello."

That the event should excite more than ordinary interest among the patrons and frequenters of the theatre was only natural, and possibly a more brilliant and distinguished audience never assembled within its walls. The box prepared for Mr. Gye's illustrious visitor was on the grand tier, situate exactly opposite that which her Majesty the Queen has so often graced with her presence, and which is still used by the Royal family. In order to afford ample accommodation for the General and his friends three boxes were thrown into one. The pit was abolished altogether, the whole area being converted into stalls, some few of which were untenanted. This, however, may readily be accounted for, inasmuch as on such occasions there are always speculators standing between the public and their rights, and who, reckoning upon exorbitant profits, are liable to be disappointed in the result.

General Garibaldi arrived with military punctuality at the doors of the theatre, but his passage through the Floral Hall (which might advantageously have been "corded off" under the circumstances) was by no means so expeditious as was desirable. He was literally "mobbed" by his enthusiastic admirers, and it was with no small difficulty that Mr. Gye, who received him, was able to rescue him from their affectionate importunities. It was thus considerably more than a quarter of an hour after the time appointed for the performance to begin when the General—accompanied by his noble host, the Duke of Sutherland, his two sons, Monotti and Ricciotti, Dr. Basile, Signor Guernzone (his secretary), Colonel Chambers, Signor Negretti, &c.—entered his box. The moment the familiar grey capote was visible, and that nobly expressive countenance, which would set off any costume, the whole audience rose and cheered. The cheering was kept up for some time, volley after volley, General Garibaldi acknowledging the honour with that simple dignity that so well becomes him, and

which he knows so well how to assume. As soon as he was seated, with his two sons beside him, Mr. Costa gave the signal and the performance began.

The performance generally needs no criticism. The performers, evidently "on their mettle," one and all did their very best, and the hero of the evening was frequently among the warmest of the applauders, especially to the stirring scenes of "Masaniello," which seemed to please him much better than "Norma." The familiar scenery, the picturesque and no less familiar costumes, doubtless impressed him. But what most vividly attracted his attention was the splendid patriotic duet between Masaniello and Pietro, declaimed with marked and accustomed emphasis by Signors Mario and Graziani. The significant passage about liberty and the love of country—

O santo ardor di patrio amor
Nostr'alma accendi, audace fa,
Al patrio suol dobbiam la vita,
Avrà da noi la libertà—

delivered by Signor Mario with extraordinary vigour, and twice reiterated, seemed each time to awaken sympathy, and each time drew from General Garibaldi the plainest manifestations of satisfaction. The scene which followed—the market scene (act iii.), where the Neapolitans turn upon their oppressors—was not calculated to lessen the interest already excited; and the lively tarantella, the impressive and beautiful prayer, and the final and successful struggle of the patriots, each created its effect. At a quarter of an hour past midnight the curtain fell. General Garibaldi then rose; the whole audience cheered and cheered again, many waving hats or handkerchiefs, while ladies in the boxes immediately above that occupied by Garibaldi broke their bouquets into pieces, dropping the scattered flowers over the head of the popular chieftain as he bent forward to acknowledge the hearty salutations of the house. Then, in a brief interval, the grey capote and noble head were seen no more. The General was conducted by Mr. Gye to his carriage through the Floral Hall, which was this time kept private, and he was free from those well-meant importunities which at the beginning of the evening had so inconveniently retarded his arrival.

VISIT TO MESSRS. HOWARD'S WORKS AT BEDFORD.

Garibaldi paid a visit to Bedford on Friday week, that he might examine the Britannia Works belonging to Messrs. Howard, the well-known agricultural implement makers, and see some steam-ploughing. On his arrival at Bedford he was received with great enthusiasm. He was accompanied by the Duke of Sutherland, his eldest son, and General Eber. All along the line the General was greeted by enthusiastic crowds, and on reaching Bedford the carriages were drawn up to a temporary platform which the Messrs. Howard had erected, and then it became apparent what preparations had been made to welcome the Italian leader. Over the windows of the great agricultural implement factory ran a well-executed legend of welcome, and from the archway of the main entrance hung the English and Italian flags. Messrs. Howard received the General as he left the carriage, and conducted him, amid the loud cheers of the on-lookers, to a little Bath chair which they had with much forethought provided, as a relief to his wounded foot, but of which he did not long avail himself. Inside the factory the men were all busily at work; but near every forge and on every bench was a branch of evergreens, offering a silent but none the less grateful welcome to the distinguished visitor. Mr. James Howard accompanied the General and his suite through the factory, and explained the various processes which were going on. After a complete inspection of the works, Garibaldi was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor of the town, and then proceeded to the Hoo Farm, belonging to Mr. James Howard, where he was to be shown some ploughing by steam. On the way it became necessary to pass under a triumphal arch, which spanned the principal street of Bedford, and here the carriages stopped to enable the Mayor to deliver to the General an address voted by the corporate authorities of the town. On reaching the Hoo Farm Garibaldi first inspected the homestead and stock, and then, mounting a pony, accompanied by the Duke of Sutherland and Messrs. Howard on horseback, and a long cavalcade of carriages and mounted ladies and gentlemen, proceeded to a fallow field of several acres in extent, where Messrs. Howard's steam ploughing apparatus was ready for operation. Garibaldi first examined both the plough and the stationary engine, and the word having been given to put the machinery in motion, he rode up and down the furrows with the steam-plough several times, and then went across again to examine the engine. Returning to the plough, the operations were renewed and kept up for some minutes, and until the General had expressed himself perfectly satisfied. As Garibaldi retired from the field the assembled crowd of ladies and gentlemen gave vent to their feelings by loud acclamations, which were followed by three cheers for the Duke of Sutherland, in which the ladies heartily joined.

FIRST VISIT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Saturday last General Garibaldi paid his first visit to the Crystal Palace, the proceedings being specially under the direction of the Italian committee. On his arrival the General was received with immense enthusiasm. The building was very full, and all around the area of the grand transept, the Handel orchestra, and every place in its vicinity from which the General could be seen, however distantly, was densely crowded. Still, there were not more than about 24,000 visitors present, and an impressive popular ceremony at the Crystal Palace requires twice, if not three times, that number to make it one of those vast, tremendous spectacles which can only be beheld in such a building, but which when once seen leaves a great impression of sublimity.

At the northern corner of the transept, where on the great days of the Handel Festival a sort of private box was made for her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, a box had again been improvised, with a projecting balcony from the corner. On this, where they could all be seen, were placed seats for Garibaldi, his sons, and a few of those who accompanied him. The balcony and the alcove which the columns formed behind were simply but most effectively draped with festoons of the Italian colours, while the great Handel orchestra was similarly decorated, and had a large picture of the General in front of the organ.

Garibaldi arrived at the palace a few minutes before two o'clock. He was accompanied in the carriage by the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Shaftesbury, and was received at the north wing of the building by Mr. Farquhar, chairman of the Crystal Palace Company; Mr. Bowley, the manager; and Mr. Grove, the secretary; Signor Rossini, secretary of the Italian committee, and Mr. Negretti; also by representatives of the Italian committees in London. The members of these committees were scarce of the Italian tricolour, and were ranged up on each side of the entrance and along a portion of the tropical department up to a large room in which a luncheon was provided, to which it was intended that Garibaldi should be conducted immediately on his arrival. The members of the Italian committee, however, presented him with a flag of the Italian colours, and bearing upon it the words, "Rome and Venice." Garibaldi received it with evident gratification, and commenced at once to address the representatives of the Italian working men. He spoke to them in Italian, and with an animation and eloquence which contrasted in a remarkable manner with the few simple phrases with which he has hitherto, with considerable difficulty and hesitation, acknowledged in English the compliments paid to him. After luncheon, Garibaldi, followed by his friends, proceeded to take his place for the concert.

His progress towards the transept was very slow, and was so obviously made with difficulty, if not even with some degree of pain, that a Bath chair was sent, and in this Garibaldi sat and was wheeled along the gallery to his place in the centre. This mode of progression kept him almost entirely out of sight of the visitors till he rose and limped into his seat and was seen by every one. Then the whole mass of the audience rose and cheered, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs till the building seemed to vibrate again. This reception lasted for some minutes, and was a wonder fully animating scene. The concert which followed, although performed by the first artists in London, received but moderate attention, except in those portions which bore special reference to

the distinguished guest of the day. Signor Ardit's "Canto Nazionale," a most striking and characteristic composition, had a tremendous success; but the musical event of the day was the performance of "La Garibaldina," by the same composer—a genuine Italian war song—and which Signor Ardit led off with a fire and effect which was perfectly electrical. It was quite evident that this eminent musician felt thoroughly the sentiment which he had so admirably set to music, and his patriotic enthusiasm was fully shared by all the great chorists who joined in the burden, and even by the vast English audience who so imperfectly understood the language. The stirring words of the chorus:—

O Garibaldi—nostro salvatore
Te seguiremo—al campo dell'onore!
Risorga Italia—il sol di libertà!
All'armi! all'armi! Andiam—

raised by thousands of voices, positively thundered along the roof, and reverberated all over the vast interior. It was a perfect storm of music. The chorus was demanded again and again, and it seemed only to create fresh emotion each time among the composer's compatriots, as well as in the vast audience by which they were surrounded. Garibaldi and his friends all stood up, the lips of the General moved, and it was evident from his gesticulations that he also was singing, "All'armi! all'armi!" as vigorously as the rest of the assemblage. At last, desiring in some way to reciprocate the demonstration of his English and Italian friends, he leant forward and clapped his hands with the grave and measured emphasis that characterises the manner of his speech. The concert closed with our own National Anthem. The whole audience joined in the chorus, and no one was more conspicuous than Garibaldi himself in this accustomed homage to "Cara Regina."

The presentation of swords to the General and his eldest son, Menotti, then took place; and, after a few more ceremonials and a vast deal of cheering, Garibaldi and his friends returned to London.

GARIBALDI AT M. HERZEN'S.

On Sunday General Garibaldi took luncheon at the house of the distinguished Russian exile, M. Alexander Herzen, at Teddington, where he was met by a select party of English and foreign friends, among whom were Signori Mazzini, Saffi, Mordini (a member of the Italian Parliament), Prince Dolgoroukow, M. Ogareff, &c. At the conclusion of luncheon Mazzini rose and proposed the health of General Garibaldi in the following words:—

My toast will include all that is most dear to us all—those things for which we have fought and striven. I drink to the Liberty of the Peoples; to the Association of the Peoples; to the man who is the living incarnation of these great ideas, Joseph Garibaldi; to that poor, sacred, heroic Poland, whose sons have been silently fighting and dying for liberty for more than a year; to that young Russia, whose device is land and liberty—new Russia, that will at no distant day hold out a sister's hand to Poland, acknowledge her equality and independence, and cancel the remembrance of the Russia of the Czar; to those Russians who, with our friend Herzen at their head, have most wrought and laboured towards the creation of this new Russia; to that religion of duty which will give us strength to strive, and to devote ourselves, even unto death, for the realisation of these ideas.

The toast having been drunk with enthusiasm, Garibaldi rose and said:—

I am about to make a declaration which I ought to have made long ago. There is a man amongst us here who has rendered the greatest services to our country and to the cause of liberty. When I was a young man, having nought but aspirations towards the good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my young years. I sought such a man even as he who is thirsting for the spring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around him slept. He alone fed the sacred flame. He has ever remained my friend, ever as full of love for his country and of devotion to the cause of liberty. This man is Joseph Mazzini. To my friend and teacher.

The General afterwards rose a second time and said:—

Mazzini has uttered some words with regard to unhappy Poland to which I adhere with all my heart. Now let us drink to that young Russia that suffers, struggles, and shall triumph like ourselves, and is destined to play a noble and important part in Europe.

After this, raising his glass for the last time, Garibaldi drank:—

To that free England, whose generous hospitality and noble and fruitful sympathy have won from all oppressed peoples so large a debt of gratitude and affection.

SECOND VISIT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Garibaldi on Monday, after receiving several deputations in the morning, went to the Crystal Palace in the afternoon. There he had a most enthusiastic welcome. He received a large number of addresses, and the proceedings were of the pleasantest kind, although the numbers present were not by any means so great as was expected.

The deputations, which consisted mainly of working men, or local bodies recruited from the industrial classes, looked exceedingly well, and must have given the General a very favourable impression as to the respectability of the operatives of this country. The Central Horticultural Society was appropriately preceded by two children, a boy and a girl, the former dressed in the famous red shirt and the latter wearing the Italian colours, and each presenting to the General a basket containing the first fruits of the season. Garibaldi, who seems to have an extraordinary love for children, raised the girl and kissed her affectionately, then giving the boy a fine manly shake of the hand, which the little fellow received with great fervour and an evident sense of his masculine dignity. To the deputation of French residents in London Garibaldi paid marked attention, saying, "Tell your countrymen in France that I heartily thank them for the sympathy which, through you, they have shown for Italy." The coming forward of the Poles with their address, and their banner draped with crape, was the signal for the most animated scene of the whole day's proceedings. The moment the crowd below ascertained who they were the cheering became deafening, and was sustained for several minutes. The whole of the company in the galleries and Handel Orchestra, which by this time was quite full, stood up, and the ceremonial had to wait until the public had completed their demonstration. At last Garibaldi came forward to the edge of the platform, waved his hand, and in this way obtained silence in a moment. He then stretched forth both hands, and slowly but distinctly said, "I implore you, great and generous English nation, abandon not Poland!" The words, being caught up by the persons nearest the platform, were circulated with a rapidity which the telegraph could not equal, and the cheering was renewed with a vivacity and fervour which we have never seen equalled in a public meeting. Full of his idea, Garibaldi the next moment, in receiving the Swiss, again said:—"And you, too, men of Helvetia, do you not abandon Poland!" an appeal which was received with immense enthusiasm by the persons to whom it was immediately addressed, as well as by everyone who was within earshot. To the Garibaldian volunteers, headed by Captain Styles, he said:—"I am proud to meet again my old brethren in arms;" and to the other foreign deputations he conversed more at length in their own language. The General then went on to the balcony and witnessed a display of the fountains, after which he returned to town.

VISIT TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Garibaldi was occupied from an early hour on Tuesday morning in receiving deputations. In the afternoon he received a large number of M.P.'s and others at Mr. Seely's; and in the evening visited Her Majesty's Theatre, where he had an enthusiastic reception. The opera was "Lucrezia Borgia," and during its performance General Garibaldi seemed studiously to withdraw himself from the public gaze; but he was compelled to come forth from his retirement at its close. As soon as the curtain had fallen upon the last act of Donizetti's work it rose again and displayed the stage filled with chorists, among whom Signor Gassier and Signor Giuglini did not disdain to take their place; and then Signor Ardit's martial and spirit-stirring "La Garibaldina" was given with superb effect. It was vehemently applauded, and at its close a vigorous call for Garibaldi forced him to come forward and bow to the enthusiastic throng with that sweet modest smile which is already photographed in thousands of English hearts. But this was only the beginning of his great ovation. "La Garibaldina" was encored—an honour which its musical merits would have deserved apart from the peculiar excitement of the occasion—and each time the refrain was sung such a scene was exhibited as few who witnessed it can ever forget. The

singers personally apostrophised the champion of Italian freedom, who had at last allowed himself to be brought face to face with those whose tribute of enthusiastic admiration he seemed during the early part of the evening to avoid—and then the whole of the vast audience sprang, as if by one common impulse, to their feet, and cheers rang and handkerchiefs waved, and both singers and auditors seemed possessed with the wildest frenzy of delight.

TESTIMONIAL TO GARIBALDI.

At a preliminary meeting of a few friends of General Garibaldi, held at Stafford House on Tuesday, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—"1. That this meeting is of opinion that General Garibaldi ought not to be allowed to leave England without some substantial token of the profound admiration felt by all classes throughout the United Kingdom for his unselfish patriotism and disinterested services in the cause of liberty. 2. That a fund be raised for the purpose of securing a permanent income to General Garibaldi, and to his family after him." It was also resolved that a subscription list be immediately opened, and a number of subscriptions, amounting to £1972, were at once handed to the chairman. It was also resolved to request the Lord Mayor of London to assume the chairmanship of a committee to be formed in the City to co-operate with this committee, and to give a similar invitation to the chief magistrates of the cities and towns throughout the United Kingdom.

PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

On Wednesday Garibaldi proceeded to the Guildhall, in order to be presented with the freedom of the city of London, and in his progress from Mr. Seely's house at Prince's Gate met with a reception as flattering as any with which he has yet been greeted. There was a brilliant assemblage of carriages along the line of the park to see him pass; and the streets all along the route were filled with a crowd as dense, as quiet, and more easily regulated, than that which greeted his first entrance into London. In consequence of the crowd, however, and some mistakes in the arrangement of the procession, the carriages containing the General and his friends were separated in the course of progress to the City, and on arriving at the Guildhall an awkward *contretemps* checked the gratification which those persons in the carriages had felt and had expected to feel for the remainder of the day. The rigorous system of admission by tickets had told excellently well hitherto; but when its rigour came into conflict with the unfortunate fact that half the people composing the procession had no tickets to show, the effect was disagreeable. Perhaps the police "did their duty," but they did it after a fashion which might have been milder. In short, Colonel Chambers got very roughly handled; Ricciotti Garibaldi had to buffet his way through the opposing forces, and, worst of all, Colonel Menotti Garibaldi was turned back, so that when the General's party came to muster their strength the eldest son of the illustrious chief was returned as missing.

The presentation of the freedom of the City, in a gold box, was made by Mr. Scott, the Chamberlain, at the conclusion of whose address Garibaldi was puzzled for a moment. He had intended to hand the box to Menotti, as a souvenir to be preserved as an heirloom; but it was not possible to wait for Menotti, so the box was given to his younger brother, and the General, throwing back his mantle, began to speak as follows, with much animation and even energy:—

It is certainly impossible to express my gratitude to you, the representatives of this glorious and renowned city of London, for the honour you confer on me to-day. I am prouder of that honour certainly than of all the honours I have gained in war, because I consider this to be the focus of the civilisation of the world and the very centre of liberty. Here there are no strangers, because every unarmed man is at home in England. I give you my thanks, not only for myself but for the sake of my country, and my thanks to England for the succour given us many times in war. Certainly my countrymen never will forget to be grateful to the English people for the support and sympathy, and munificence they have received. This is not the first occasion by many I have been happy with the English people. I have been happy with you in many places of the world and at many times. In America I have claimed the protection of the English flag, and I have been safe. In China, and all round the world, a thousand times in the course of my life, I have received favours so great that it is impossible I shall ever forget them. My love, my affection, for England is imperishable!

The General then, amidst great cheering, shook hands with the Lord Mayor, and seemed about to retire. But he advanced again to the front of the dais, and said, as on an irresistible impulse and with energetic action, "I am proud to belong to you for all my life!"

When the ceremony was over, the newly-made citizen, with his friends, proceeded to the Mansion House and took luncheon with the Lord Mayor. He then returned to Mr. Seely's house, and in the evening dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At a later hour Mrs. Gladstone had a grand reception, at which numerous distinguished personages were present to pay their respects to the General.

GARIBALDI AT THE REFORM CLUB AND FISHMONGERS' HALL.

On Thursday morning General Garibaldi went to Chiswick Cemetery to see the tomb of the distinguished Italian writer and patriot, Ugo Foscolo, for whom the General has always entertained admiration, and on which he deposited a laurel crown in bronze. Garibaldi afterwards partook of a déjeuner at the Reform Club, visited the Houses of Lords and Commons, and dined with the Fishmongers' Company, in their magnificent hall, in the evening. At each place he was enthusiastically greeted.

TO GARIBALDI.

THrice welcome, hero of the lion heart!
Thrice welcome, hero of the godlike brow!
Great moulder of a noble nation's weal,
And chiefest star in Freedom's chivalry,
Welcome from thy fair land to this dear land of ours!

When lov'd Italia wept in prison walls,
Where with her strong oppressors built her round,
Thy spirit burn'd within thee at her tears,
And, setting foot upon the tyrants' pow'r,
Thou burst the iron doors, and caused her to be free!

And shall not we—who hold in reverence
The guileless champions who of old have bled
And died for us—link thy great soul with theirs,
And grant these fellowship in Hampden's name,
In Milton's mem'ry, and in stalwart Cromwell's too?

Upholder of divinest Liberty—
Soothe of sorrow and of suffering—
Thou, whose broad arms of love stretch o'er the world
Like some great river—come to these our shores,
And find the Briton still the patriot's changeless friend!

A thousand thousand spirits welcome thee,
Who saw thy glory rising through the years,
And held their breath to list thy wondrous deeds.
They cry, "Brave Garibaldi, give thee joy!"
And loud the azure rings with shouts of welcoming.

INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENTS have broken out among some of the Arab tribes in Algeria.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—The boats of the National Life-boat Institution stationed at Withernsea, near Hull, and Southwold, on the Suffolk coast, were instrumental, on Saturday last, during stormy weather, in rescuing from destruction three fishing-boats and their crews, consisting of a large number of men. The boats were in a heavy surf, and it is supposed they would have been swamped in the absence of the timely help of the life-boats.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Azalea and Rose Show of this society on Wednesday was a most successful one, both as respects the plants exhibited and the number and quality of the visitors. The charming weather of the last few days had the effect of producing choice specimens not only of the plants special to the occasion, but of spring flowers generally. Amongst the visitors were Princess Mary of Cambridge, attended by Mrs. Purvis and Captain A. Ellis; Lady Thynne, Lady Gosford, Lady Annerley, Lady M. Forester, Sir John and Lady Burgoyne, Lady Bailey, the Earl of Harrowby, Sir Philip and Lady Egerton, Lord Henry Lennox, Lady Roe, Lady Rolfe, Sir E. Belcher, &c.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

THE Prussians have captured the Danish position at Düppel. The assault was delivered at ten o'clock on Monday morning. Redoubts No. 1 to No. 7, together with the communications in the rear, were occupied by the Prussians, while the Brigade Raven took redoubts Nos. 8, 9, and 10, and the tête-de-pont. The bridge was destroyed. The bulk of the Danish army retired to Alsens Island, but the Prussians report that they captured 51 officers, 2000 soldiers, and 83 guns. A telegram from Copenhagen says that "a terrible fire from the Prussian artillery destroyed the redoubts Nos. 4, 5, and 6, which were then taken by the enemy. The left wing of the Düppel position was consequently given up, and our troops were compelled to fall back with great loss. The evacuation of the right wing took place under more favourable conditions, but also with considerable loss. The greater part of four regiments were annihilated. The tête-de-pont was demolished by the enemy's artillery, but was defended by us until the army had crossed to the island of Alsens." The Prussian loss is reported to amount to 2 Generals, 60 officers, and 600 privates, killed or wounded. The Danes are represented to have lost between 80 and 100 officers, and 4000 men, including, we presume, the prisoners. Both these estimates of loss come from the Prussian headquarters. In Berlin there is immense glorification over the victory. The King has been acclaimed to the echo by enthusiastic crowds.

On Tuesday the Prussians announced that they would suspend hostilities until six p.m. of that day, in order to allow the Danes to evacuate Sonderburg, but if the place was not evacuated by that time the bombardment would commence. In the afternoon a large Danish fleet hove in sight, encouraged by which it is probable that the Danes will still hold the island.

It is stated that the whole of Jutland will immediately be occupied, and the siege of Fredericia commenced.

FIELD MARSHAL WRANGEL RECONNOITRING THE DANISH WORKS.

The grey Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, "Papa Wrangel," emulates, it is said, the youngest soldiers of his army in those expeditions which have been, perhaps, the most dangerous to the troops engaged in them—that is to say, in the reconnoitring parties. He was engaged in this service at Nübel, and afterwards on the occasion of the expedition under the command of the Crown Prince, Frederick William, pushing forward at daybreak to examine the Düppel defences. Notwithstanding the snowstorm and the continued fire from the redoubts, the Commander was the last on the field.

The Düppel position, which, till the news of the last two or three days, was considered nearly impregnable, may be said to have been a sort of sugar-loaf hill surrounded on three sides by the sea, the area of the base being between one or two square miles, and the broadest side of the quadrilateral on which it stood—that stretching at the foot from the Als Sund to the Venning Bund—rather more than a mile in length. Starting from the edge of the Sund, and skirting the Danish batteries three or four hundred yards away from the hill, along the road to Apenrade for about half a mile, at about every fifty yards, there occurred a rifle-pit occupied by Danish troops, with two sentries at each ready to fire in case of an alarm.

Behind every hedge and under every available slope of the ground troops were stationed—and the whole country was dotted over with these little knots of soldiers, looking for all the world as if they had come out for a day's picnic. The Prussian line of sentries was not exactly parallel to the Danish. At the two extremities of the Danish cordon the Prussian outposts were full half a mile away; but near the high road, which bisects Düppel-hill, the Germans were so close that their uniforms could be distinguished, and their advanced posts were stationed along a line not far short of three miles in length.

At the time of the reconnaissance of the works, Prince Frederick Charles commanded the army corps of observation in the Broecker, holding his headquarters at Gravenstein, one of the most wretched places in Schleswig. It lies low, on the margin of a small lake, or large pond, with marshy ground about it. Immediately before you enter it by the road from Apenrade you pass the schloss, or château, a large, ugly, white building, which forms three sides of a square, and where Prince Frederick Charles had his quarters. The village itself is mean and miserable, and was then (probably is now) in a frightful state of filth, crowded with soldiers in every house, the streets streaming with mud, the courts and gardens horribly defiled, the inns the worst in Schleswig (which is not saying a little), and the schloss to be reached, at least on foot, only by treading a plank laid across a quagmire.

The reconnaissance was effected by three Prussian brigades, who took two Danish officers and a number of men prisoners, while their own losses were six killed and twenty wounded. The entire affair was at first announced by the Danes as a defeat of the Prussians, but it was in reality nothing of the kind, the latter never having intended more than a reconnaissance, and having taken a number of Danish prisoners with very trifling loss to themselves. The Danes were said to have abandoned the wood known as the Büffel-Koppel; but, if they did so, they afterwards recaptured it. It was thought desirable to drive them into a narrower space round the Düppel intrenchments, and this was accordingly done after a slight skirmish, and the advanced posts of the Prussians were established just beyond the spot where the cross road to Schmol and Broecker enters the highway from Gravenstein to Sonderburg. A few yards in front of this a small lane runs northward, and in this lane, leaning against the bank, and peering through the leafless hedge at the Danish sentries, who were visible 200 or 300 yards off, stood the most advanced Prussians.

A correspondent from the seat of war, writing during the subsequent bombardment of Düppel, thus speaks of the phlegmatic method of the Prussian attack:—"There is method and routine in the German's way of going to work. His programme of one day is observed punctually in the proceedings of the morrow, and it is more or less as follows:—In the morning, at very earliest dawn, the good Prussian fires off two or three of his heaviest guns. This is by way of a reveille, and simply *un die canonnen ausblasen zu lassen* to get rid of the evening's last charge, which may have got damp in the night. The artilleryman then peaceably lights his pipe and boils his kettle for his morning coffee. A couple of hours more is employed in inquiring, musically, and on Professor Arndt's strain, 'What is the German's Fatherland?' to find out whether Holstein, Schleswig, and perhaps even Jutland, are not included within its shadowy boundaries. By-and-by, as the clock strikes ten, the corporal summons his men back from the land of dreams, and the work begins in earnest. Then comes the time to awaken the hundred echoes of this sea-indented shore, and to make every pane of glass rattle in our windows. It is boom! boom! boom! just at the rate of about three discharges every five minutes."

THE INTERIOR OF A PRUSSIAN REDOUBT BEFORE DÜPPEL.

Immediately after the reconnaissance of the Danish position by the Prussian detachment, as described elsewhere, the assault was commenced, not at first with the continued effort which has lately stormed the stronghold, but with occasional and uncertain attacks which harassed the Danish troops by their very irregularity. Our Engraving represents the interior of a Prussian redoubt during the progress of shelling the defences of the Düppel hill.

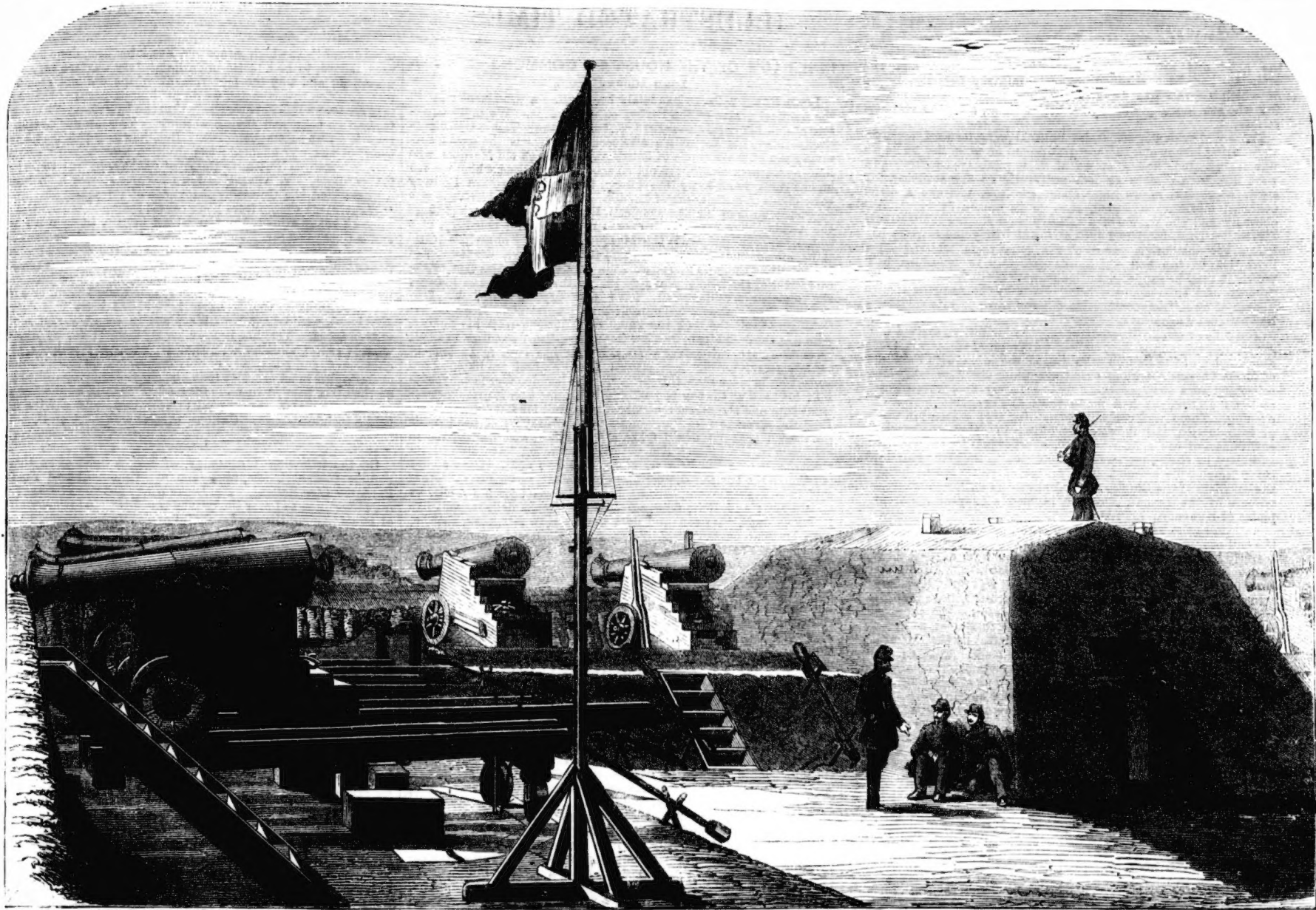
THE AUSTRIAN OFFICERS' BALL AT RAVEN'S HOTEL, SCHLESWIG.

Our Engraving represents one of those extraordinary scenes with which, in England, we are totally unfamiliar, and to realise the full meaning of which it is, perhaps, necessary to be located at a place like Schleswig during its occupation by a reserve force of Austrian or German troops.

To live at an hotel where detachments of officers are continually going in and out, and where the two or three civilians are entirely eclipsed by a crowd of uniforms—where, in fact, the chief hostelry of the town is metamorphosed into a temporary high-class barracks, and waiters are under military law—is at first exciting and afterwards monotonous, as barrack life generally becomes. It was this declension towards monotony which led to the quiet indifference characterising the few non-military occupants of the coffee-room, and to a speechless lethargy during the particular evening when



THE WAR IN DENMARK: MARSHAL WRANGEL AND HIS STAFF RECONNOITRING THE DANISH POSITION AT DUPEL.—(FROM A SKETCH BY C. BRAUN.)



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE PRUSSIAN REDOUBTS BEFORE DUPPEL.



BALL AT SCHLESWIG GIVEN BY AUSTRIAN OFFICERS TO SOLDIERS WHO HAD GAINED DECORATIONS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY R. GEISSLER.)

the hotel had exhibited unusual disorder all day, and every attendant had been retained for some military festivity, rumours of which had failed to awaken any great interest in the neglected few who sat moodily waiting for better times, after the regimental eclipse.

There was evidently something unusual going forward, for waiters were racing hither and thither with dozens of wine, the whole place was illuminated, and a crowd of trim, pipeclayed-looking guests were discoursing more or less gutturally on the staircase. The steam of cooked meats hung about the hall, too, and a distant, confused murmur succeeded, soon to be broken by unmistakable cheering and the strains of a military band playing the "Radetzky March." These combined indications of jollity had scarcely begun before the wondering guests of the coffee-room received a polite invitation to the ball which was presently to follow—a ball to which it may be supposed no ladies were invited, since none were present—the entertainment being given by the Austrian officers in honour of two "non-commissioned" and three private soldiers who had received decorations.

The coffee-room civilians, accepting the invitation, arrived in time for the dessert, and were presented to several of the superior officers and knights of the Empire who graced the scene, with their orders of Maria Theresa sparkling over their white uniforms. With equal solemnity were they presented to the happy five, whose less pretentious decorations had made them the honoured heroes of the evening. There was certainly something very graceful in the way of introduction, and it was interesting to notice the pride and enthusiasm of the men, who were, at all events for the time being, addressed by their superiors as "comrades"—the great gulf of rank being temporarily spanned by a bridge of polite brotherhood, and the courtiers of the Empire rubbing shoulders with soldiers from the villages of the German Austrian highlands or peasants from the plains of Hungary.

As soon as the band was ready to begin, partners were chosen and the ball commenced, the place of the fairer ones being supplied by scarcely less amiable partners, who in the next dance exchanged positions, and acted as cavaliers to their comrades. Amidst a great shouting and stamping of feet the first call was for "Radetzky"—"to which tune," said one of the warriors present, "we would fight Beelzebub." It would be impossible to describe the peculiarities of this military dance, the step of which resembles a grotesque march; but it is altogether exceeded in interest by the "Czardas," for which an equally noisy demand was made. This is a regular toe-and-heel affair, with set figures, and an amount of advancing and retiring, accompanied with vigorous stamping, which threatened to bring the Hotel Havel about the performers' ears in ruins. Everybody seemed in right earnest, however, especially a Milanese, who declared with no little pride that he was one of the very few Lombardians who had been faithful to the Austrian army. The music and the capital Hungarian champagne had by this time stirred up fresh enthusiasm, and fresh glasses were handed round to a series of toasts more or less patriotic, many of which were accompanied by the song of the "Fatherland," whatever that land may be, the geography of which is scarcely well defined. At intervals, too, a M. Vladiz amused the company by reciting several dramatic compositions; and, a talent for declamation having thus been developed, he was followed by several of the guests, and notably by a Prussian officer, whose powers of dramatic expression elicited universal applause. Presently a few more civilians joined the assembly (the coffee-room must have been deserted), and then all sorts of toasts and sentiments were proposed and responded to, including Schleswig-Holstein and Duke Frederick. It was three o'clock in the morning before the party separated, the national song of Prussia concluding the entertainment.

THE DANISH RETREAT BEFORE THE AUSTRIAN TROOPS AT VEILE.

Our Engraving represents one of the most important of those engagements which preceded the later events of the war in Schleswig-Holstein. During the march of the Austrians upon Veile the Windischgratz dragoons had reached the open country between Kolding and Veile, and were advancing, headed by a few guns, when they met the rearguard of the Danish force, and were immediately engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, in which the Austrian commander Czernia was seriously wounded, and afterwards taken prisoner. The Danish cavalry officer was also badly wounded, but contrived to escape by securing a horse whose rider had been killed in the first attack. This sharp and sudden skirmish was only preliminary to the taking of Veile, for the Austrian artillery at once fired upon the retreating Danes, and afterwards took up its position on the heights of the Høyen Mill, and drove the Danes from the opposite hills. The sketch from which our Engraving is made was taken during the retreat of the Danish troops and the return of the dragoons with their prisoners and wounded comrades. This Windischgratz corps, by-the-by, are beardless soldiers, their habit of close shaving commemorating an historical event similar to that which, it is said, gave their name to the Longbeards.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

FIFE.—Sir Robert Anstruther was on Tuesday elected without opposition for Fifeshire.

PONTEFRAC.—Mr. Childers, the new Junior Lord of the Admiralty, was on Monday re-elected without opposition for Pontefract.

DEVIZES.—The vacancy occasioned in the representation of Devizes by the elevation of the Hon. W. W. Addington to the House of Peers as Viscount Sidmouth, has been filled up by the unopposed return of Sir Thomas Bateson, a brother-in-law of the late Captain Gladstone, and formerly a member of the Government of Lord Derby.

WORCESTER CITY.—No less than three candidates are in the field for the representation of Worcester city, in consequence of an announcement made by one of the sitting members, Mr. Ricardo, that he is about to retire from the representation. These candidates are Mr. A. C. Sherriff, Mayor of Worcester; Mr. Lyett, merchant, of London; and Mr. Laslett, of Abberton Hall, who sat several years ago for Worcester, but, having had a difference with the local Reform Association, severed his connection with the city. In the meantime the Conservatives are not inactive; and at a meeting held at Worcester on Wednesday it was resolved to present a requisition to a gentleman resident in the neighbourhood, of some eminence in the commercial world, inviting him to offer himself in that interest.

REFORM CONFERENCE AT MANCHESTER.—The third conference of the National Reform Association was held at the Free-trade Hall, Manchester, on Tuesday and Wednesday. About 150 delegates were present. Mr. R. Cooper read the report of the business committee appointed to form a basis of organisation. He said it had been decided to call the organisation the "National Reform Union," whose objects were to be—first, to obtain an extension of the franchise, which shall confer the Parliamentary suffrage in counties and boroughs on every male person, householder or lodger, rated, or liable to be rated, for the relief of the poor; second, to secure the free exercise of the franchise by affording to the voter the protection of the ballot; third, to procure a more equitable distribution of members of Parliament in proportion to population and property; and, fourth, to establish more frequent opportunities for the expression of national opinion by shortening the duration of Parliament to three years. After some discussion the report was agreed to, and it was carried that the executive committee should sit at Manchester, with Mr. G. Wilson as president of the executive of the union.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.—The Bishop of Peterborough died on Monday afternoon, at the palace, Peterborough. Though the illness which proved fatal to the Bishop was somewhat sudden, his great age, eighty-four, and his increasing infirmities had prepared the minds of his friends for his decease. George Davys, Bishop of Peterborough, graduated at Christ's College, 1803, Tenth Wrangler, and became a Fellow. He subsequently became Curate of Littlebury, and, in 1814, of Chesterford; the latter curacy he held until Dr. Blomfield, the late Bishop of London, was presented to that living, when Mr. Davys became Curate of Swinham Priory; he afterwards removed to Kensington, and was appointed tutor to Princess Victoria. He was advanced to the See of Peterborough in 1839. In theology the deceased Prelate belonged to the Evangelical section of the Church. He took no active part, however, in theological controversy, and was liberal towards all religious creeds. Of late years his Lordship seldom occupied his seat in the House of Lords; and, in fact, his ambition through life was rather to be good than great. In the affectionate regard of his former pupil, the Queen, the Bishop of Peterborough held a high place. For many years portraits of the Royal family were annually sent to the Bishop, and costly tokens of her Majesty's grateful affection were frequently bestowed upon him. Throughout his diocese the late Bishop was universally loved and respected, and his loss will be deeply regretted.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 232.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

LORD ROBERT CECIL has lately been acting a prominent part in the political drama on the Parliamentary boards. We must therefore sketch his Lordship. Lord Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne-Cecil—this is his Lordship's aristocratic name—is the second surviving son of the Marquis of Salisbury, the tough old Marquis who lives at Hatfield House, the old Elizabethan dwelling which we see on our right hand as we travel down the Great Northern Railway some eighteen miles north of London. This palatial residence was originally built by Sir Thomas Cecil, Elizabeth's Minister, and there the Cecils have kept state ever since. A tough old Tory, of a somewhat acid temper, is the Marquis. Acidity of temper seems to be the characteristic of this race; for Sir Robert, the founder of the family, was by no means an amiable man; and the last representatives of the family whom we know, the Marquis, and his son, the member for Stamford, have certainly inherited his failings if they have not succeeded to his talents. Lord Robert Gascoigne-Cecil (he took the name of Gascoigne from his mother, who was the daughter of Bamber Gascoigne, Esq.) was born in 1830; he is, therefore, thirty-four years old. He has been in Parliament twelve years, having been elected for Stamford in 1852. Lord Robert looks older than thirty-four. His bearded face is not youthful; his head at the top is partially bald; his hair is getting somewhat thin and straggling: he might pass well for forty-four. When Lord Robert came into Parliament the soothsayers of the Carlton prophesied that he would make a figure there and speedily rise to eminence in the State. The prophets, however, have been disappointed; for he has held no office, and has not achieved a lofty position in the House. Lord Robert has talent, nevertheless. He is said to be highly accomplished. He speaks well; he is not idle, we should say; and, if he does not entirely "scoff delights and live laborious days," he can and does work. How is it, then, that he, with his high connections, talents, accomplishments, and speaking ability, has not risen to a higher position in the House than that which he occupies? There must be a cause, if we could but find it; for the House of Commons is an arena in which any man of talent may rise; and every man with aristocratic connections at his back, if there be no drawback, is sure to rise to eminence in the House, and to place, if his party be in power. The answer must be—It is Lord Robert Cecil's pride and uncontrollable temper which have kept him down. He that would rule must first obey; this is the law in the political world as elsewhere. Most of our eminent men began life by taking subordinate positions. Lord Palmerston was once a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, Gladstone a Junior Lord of the Treasury; and in these offices they had to learn obedience, to be always present in the house when they were wanted, and never to speak without permission. We do not know that Lord Robert ever had a place offered him; but if not, why not? It must surely have been because the chief of his party knew that he would not run in harness, and would, if the experiment were tried, kick over the traces and endanger the coach. But, however this may have been, it is certain that Lord Robert Cecil's haughtiness and uncontrollable temper alone have kept him from that position and influence in the house which everybody thought when he entered Parliament that he would aspire to and obtain. Lord Robert's temper is not explosive. A hasty temper is a great fault in a public man, and a serious hindrance to his success; but the House of Commons is tolerant and forgiving, and, provided the explosions be not too frequent, it is never backward to pardon "words of heat," due submission having been made and apologies offered. But Lord Robert's acid temper is not explosive; there are no eruptions; it is, if we may so say, a sort of chronic low fever; and, though he seldom offends against the rules of the House so grossly as to call upon the Speaker to interfere, he never rises but he says something sharp, biting, and offensive. Most members, when they rise to reply to an opponent, seek only to answer his arguments; but Lord Robert's delight is rather to wound his opponent than to confute his reasoning; and he is far more dexterous at poisoning, pointing, and hurling darts than he is in the use of syllogisms. Is it wonderful, then, that Lord Robert has not attained to a high position in the House?

THE SET-TO.

The fight between Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Lowe, which led to the retirement of the latter from the Government, must be ever memorable in our Parliamentary annals. It came off on Tuesday in last week. The cause of war was a charge made against Mr. Lowe and the Educational Department—to wit, that Mr. Lowe, as Vice-President of the Council, has been in the habit of "mutilating" the reports of the Inspectors of Schools. Here we have a specimen of the noble Lord's fine Roman hand. Any other member of the House would have used the word "abridging" as sufficient to describe the noble Lord's meaning; but, as we have said, the noble Lord always selects the most biting word that he can find in the dictionary. "To abridge," and "to mutilate," both only mean "to shorten"; but "abridge" is a soft, harmless word; whilst "mutilate" is severe, harsh, and biting, and involves much more than "abridgement," and therefore it was chosen by the noble Lord. But if the resolution moved by Lord Robert Cecil was offensive, his speech, both as to the matter and tone of it, and the manner in which it was delivered, was still more so. He charged the right honourable vice-president with mercilessly cutting out of the reports all that opposed his opinions, and keeping in all that favoured his views; in short, with cooking these reports so as to make them suit his purpose; whilst in another part of his speech he spoke of the "ferocity with which the right honourable gentleman wielded his powers." This is a sample of the language of the speech, and "each sack is like the sample." The tone and manner of the noble Lord it is impossible to describe. The reports in the morning papers give us the matter of his speeches; but neither stenography nor the most graphic description can give any idea of the manner in which they are delivered. As we have said, Lord Robert Cecil, in these Parliamentary battles, seems to have one main object, and that is, not to prove his points or to confute the arguments of his opponent, but to wound and to destroy. He fights, not like a high-minded, honourable soldier, who in the midst of the excitement of battle never forgets the laws of honourable warfare or the principles of humanity, but rushes into the conflict like a wild savage, who thinks that the splendour of victory is enhanced in proportion to the suffering inflicted. And here let us say, to the honour of the British Parliament, that in this respect his Lordship is singular. There is not another member in the house that we know of who carries on war in this fashion.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

There can be no doubt, now that this affair is over, that the Government whips were caught napping. An ugly feeling—the birth of the disappointment and passion of the hour—got abroad, and held its ground for a time—to wit, that Mr. Lowe had been betrayed, or, as Mr. Disraeli on a subsequent night put it, had not been supported as he ought to have been. But we must not think this. The battle began before dinner, and it was hoped at one time that the division would come off before the prandial hour. It was, however, soon discovered that there was no chance of this; on the contrary, there appeared to be at seven o'clock all the signs of a long debate, and so most of the members who wanted to go to dinner paired off—some till nine, others till ten o'clock; but in the confusion at the door during pairing time many of the friends of the Government slipped off without pairs, judging, from appearances, that the debate would be spun out till late in the evening, and that they should be back in time for the division. This is always a dangerous thing to do, because watchful eyes are always upon the House, and opponents, if they see a chance of snapping a division, will be sure to take advantage of it. And this was what happened on this occasion. The house was but moderately attended; the opponents of the Government had counted heads, and, seeing that they had a majority present, they pushed on a division before it was expected, and thus they gained a victory. It was what is called a "snap division." But it may be asked, "Why was not some one put up to talk against time until the whips could collect their forces? Is not this

often done?" To which we answer, Yes, it has been done many times—used, indeed, to be a tactic in Parliamentary warfare very commonly practised; and why the Government whips did not resort to this manoeuvre on this occasion we do not know; perhaps they had not a man ready, for it is not every body that can talk against time, gabbling for half an hour and saying nothing. This ability to talk against time is a rare accomplishment. But, however this may have been, the plan was not adopted; the division was hurried on, and the Government was brated, to its great dismay, by 101 to 93; and, as it turned out, Mr. Lowe threw up his place, worth to him £2000 a year; and the Government lost one of its ablest administrators. "What great events from little causes spring!" Had the division come off before dinner, had the whips been a little more watchful and zealous; had Mr. Huggessen, who can talk by the hour as easily without a topic as with one, rushed in at the critical moment and prolonged the debate till the fiery cross had been sent round to the clubs and members' domiciles; in short, had there been gathered, by hook or by crook, only ten more Government men, or even nine, the Government would have been saved from this defeat, and Mr. Lowe would have kept his place in security and his honour unimpaired. Yes, his honour unimpaired; for so devoutly do we believe in majorities here, that if, when a member's honour is questioned, and a majority of only one sanctions the questioner, the said member must consider that his character is tarnished; but if, on the other hand, two more supporters rush in at the last moment and turn the scale, the accused is acquitted, and carries from the field a stainless shield. Curious, this, if we reflect on it.

REFORM.

On the following Wednesday we had a fight of another sort, a regular pitched battle, upon the old, time-honoured question of Parliamentary Reform. Mr. Locke King once more brought forward his proposition to lower the county franchise. At present all holders of lands, &c., of the annual rental of £50 and upwards, have votes. Mr. Locke King proposed to extend the franchise to holders at the annual rent of £10. Audacious Mr. King! do you imagine that Conservatism will stand that? Why, it would nullify the great Chandos clause, and in many counties utterly extinguish the power of landlordism for ever. It was very soon seen on that Wednesday morning that Conservatism meant to make a stand. Mr. Locke King made his speech, and all the earlier speakers delivered their speeches to a very thin House. Some fifty members—certainly not more—were present when Mr. Locke King rose, and at no time between the hours of twelve and four were there more than a hundred members in the house. But as the time fixed for the division drew on it was easy to see that on both sides the whips had been plying their thongs with unusual energy, and that neither party meant to be caught napping on this occasion. Look, for example, at that feeble old man with the snow-white beard and somewhat antique dress. It is Colonel Lowth, the member for Westmorland. That venerable old gentleman has been a member of the House and for his county fifty-two years. He rarely makes his appearance here now, but when he does you may know that there is a battle toward; that a Conservative stronghold is in peril. He is one of our signs and signals; and when we see his white beard glittering in the lobby we are always sure that both sides are in earnest. And that young swell there loitering in the lobby with his hands in his pockets is another of our signals. There is this difference, however, between the Colonel and the young cavalier. The Colonel cannot come except he is wanted specially, because he is old and infirm. The young cavalier cannot come or will not come, and considers the summons to come a frightful bore, because you see, "a fellow has so much to do." And now he is here, how uneasy he is! "But, then, is this bill to lower the county franchise to be carried?" "No, by Jove! I cannot stand that. But I say, Taylor, when will these fellows leave off talking? I've got to be at Tattersall's in an hour." The young gentlemen whom this gay cavalier represents hate talking. Very few of them ever sat a debate out in their lives. "What's the use of all this talking? Why can't we divide at once?" It was clear that the Conservative reserves were to be brought up; and it would seem that Mr. Locke King's bill would be rejected. And so it turned out. It was rejected by a majority of 27. Mr. Locke King, though, made a good fight. He got 224, against his opponents' 257. Four hundred and eighty-one members voted.

THE MALTESE ROUTED.

The fight upon the question of malt versus sugar was a regular sell for the maltsters, as we nicknamed Colonel Barttelot and his friends, for, to the astonishment of said maltsters, Disraeli and the great mass of his party suddenly determined a few days before the fight to wheel round the army; and let us inform our readers—some of whom may possibly be irate farmers—that this was the only thing that the Conservative chief could do. No doubt the counties are all in favour of the abolition of the malt duty, but then the boroughs are all in favour of sugar. "Well," we think we hear our irate agricultural readers ask, "why should the county people be thrown over to please the shopkeepers?" For this reason, most respectable bucolics: The Conservative chief is pretty secure of the counties; but on the boroughs he has no hold. Just think of that, and you will see at once the wisdom of this move. Had Disraeli voted for malt against sugar he would have lost, mayhap, a score or two of boroughs, and then he would have been just a "gone coon," and all those visions of office which now look so gay would have been dissipated at once. There was not much talking worth notice on this night, for the speechifying was confined principally to the county gentlemen on the Conservative side of the House, and they are not an eloquent race. Two speakers, however, deserve notice—Mr. Du Cane, the Essex gentleman, and Mr. Cobden. Mr. Du Cane has wonderfully improved as a speaker. His manner, which was once so peculiar as to be almost ridiculous, is now all that can be desired; and his speech, from the maltster point of view, was really very good. If Mr. Du Cane could unwind and throw away Conservative trammels, and be as free a thinker in the House as he is in the lecture-room, he would mount to a much higher position than he now holds. "But, perhaps, he would not then be member for North Essex." True, we had forgotten that. "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat" was said in joke, but there is a glimmer of truth in it. Let us put it under a figure—"Who represents Essex men must himself be an Essex man, and no more." Of Cobden's speech we say no more than this—there was a fine touch of humour in that part of it in which he who used to be denounced by the county squires as an arch agitator, taught them how to agitate. "This is the way we carried free trade, and this is the plan which you must adopt if you would abolish this tax on malt." When, however, Mr. Cobden hinted that economy of expenditure was the directest road, they shook their heads. They are not prepared for that; they want to eat their apple and have it. "What! 347 to 99, did you say? You must be mistaken," said we to a member when the division was over. "Why, it is more than 3 to 1—just about 3½ to 1." "Yea, even so," was the reply; and we hurried off to telegraph to a country squire, who, expecting a majority for malt, had sat up to celebrate the victory. Poor man! Here was a nightcap for him!

THE UNDER-SECRETARIES OF STATE.—The affair of the five Under-Secretaries has been settled without the slightest difficulty or divergence. Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who promptly tendered his resignation, has been induced to withdraw it, and he will remain in his post at the Colonial Office. The vacancy occasioned by Mr. Bruce's advance to the vice-presidency of the Education Committee of the Privy Council will be filled by Mr. Thomas George Baring, now in the India Office; and the future Under-Secretary for India will be a peer, leaving only the usual complement of the four Under-Secretaries in the House of Commons.

THE NEW VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.—Mr. Henry Austin Bruce, M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, who has succeeded Mr. Lowe as Vice-President of the Board of Education, has, since 1862, filled the post of Under-Secretary for the Home Department. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn on the 31st of November, 1837, and held the office of police magistrate for Merthyr Tydvil from May, 1847, until December, 1852, and is now a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for the county of Glamorgan. The hon. member, who is nephew of Lord Justice Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, was first returned to Parliament in December, 1852.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15.

HOUSE OF LORDS.
THE ARMY RESERVE.

The Earl of LUCAN moved for returns respecting the strength of the reserve force. He understood that about 10,000 men were about to take their discharge, and he strongly disapproved of such a thing taking place. Earl DE GREY and RIPLEY said the number would be about 4000. He believed the Act of 1847, under which the discharges took place, had worked well, but he should be glad to receive suggestions for the amendment of the details of the Act.

After a few words from the Earl of Dalhousie, the motion for returns was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

POLAND.

Mr. HENNESSY gave notice of a motion condemnatory of the policy of the Government in regard to Poland.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Mr. W. FORSTER drew attention to the arrangements of the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade in reference to trade with foreign nations, and moved for a Select Committee thereon.

Mr. LAYARD said he would be glad if any improvement could be made in the administration of commercial affairs as between the two departments, and with that feeling he should be ready to acquiesce in the proposal for a Committee of Inquiry.

Lord STANLEY expressed his approval of the motion for a Committee. Two suggestions, with a view to the amendment of the system, had been made; one was to furnish the Foreign Minister with the assistance of a person holding a higher position than a mere clerk, and the other to transfer the commercial business of the department to the Board of Trade. To the latter he decidedly objected.

MONDAY, APRIL 18.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Earl GRANVILLE alluded to the vote in the House of Commons last week on the alleged mutilation of reports by the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. He strongly supported the denial of Mr. Lowe that the reports had been mutilated, and announced that a Committee to inquire into the matter would be asked for.

After a few words from the Earl of Derby and Earl Grey, the subject dropped. Several bills were advanced a stage.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. LOWE.

Mr. LOWE entered into a personal explanation as to the education vote of last week. He regarded that vote as a direct charge against him of want of veracity, and he had in consequence resigned his office. He denied that he had mutilated reports, and said that the marks attached to reports which had been shown were the work of a clerk, and entirely without his knowledge.

Lord R. CECIL said if this explanation had been given on the night when the vote was taken the result would have been different.

Lord PALMERSTON condemned the course taken by the noble Lord, and said he should propose to ask for a Committee of Inquiry into the matter.

A brief discussion followed, in which Mr. Disraeli, Sir P. O'Brien, and Mr. W. E. Forster took part. The matter then dropped.

PRIVILEGE.

Mr. DISRAELI, at great length, called attention to the fact that there had been five Under-Secretaries of State in the House of Commons, when there ought not legally to have been more than four. He made the subject the occasion of an attack on the Government, and said the improper presence of the fifth of these Under-Secretaries had on one occasion at least saved the Ministry from an adverse vote. He moved a resolution to the effect that the seat of the fifth Under-Secretary of State had been vacated.

Lord PALMERSTON, while defending the Government from the attacks which had been made upon it, admitted that the law had been unintentionally broken. That was, however, remedied by the Under-Secretary for the Home Department having accepted the vice-presidency of the Educational Board. What he should propose would be that they should pass a bill of indemnity.

After a brief but interesting discussion, Sir G. GREY proposed that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire whether the Under-Secretary of State last appointed had thereby vacated his seat.

Mr. DISRAELI consented to this, and it was agreed to.

PENAL SERVITUDE ACTS AMENDMENT BILL.

In Committee on this bill, Mr. HUNT moved to add the words to the fourth clause:—"If any holder of a license, who shall be at large, shall fail to report himself to the chief police station of the borough or district where he shall be on his arrival therein, and subsequently on the first day of each month, or shall change his locality without having previously notified the same to the police station to which he last reported himself, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, and may be summarily convicted thereof, and his license shall be forthwith forfeited."

This amendment was opposed by Sir G. GREY; but after a long debate it was carried, on a division, by 148 to 120.

The remaining clauses were agreed to with a few amendments.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SONDERBURG.

Earl RUSSELL, in reply to the Earl of Malmesbury, said no answer had yet been received from Berlin in reference to the bombardment of Sonderburg, and probably no answer would be given, on the ground that a neutral Power had no right to ask a question on the subject. He strongly condemned the bombardment.

GARIBALDI.

The Earl of CLARENDON, referring to the report that the approaching departure of General Garibaldi from this country was attributable to suggestions by her Majesty's Government, made as the dictation of the Emperor of the French, observed that his Imperial Majesty was too high-minded to make such a communication, and that, if it had been made, her Majesty's Government would never have condescended to listen to it. During his recent visit to Paris the reasons for Garibaldi's visit to this country were never alluded to in his presence without the Emperor saying that he perfectly understood how the character and qualities of Garibaldi were likely to excite the enthusiasm of the English people.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI.

Lord PALMERSTON stated, in reply to Mr. D. Griffith, that he had heard the report that the sudden termination of General Garibaldi's visit to this country was the result of some suggestion made by her Majesty's Government, and that that suggestion had been dictated by a communication received from the Emperor of the French. All he could say was that those who had spread or believed such a report did great injustice both to the Emperor of the French and her Majesty's Government. The Emperor was, he was sure, too high-minded and generous to have made any such application to the Government; and he need hardly say that if any communication of the sort had been received from any foreign Sovereign whatever, it would have been very civilly but very firmly resisted and repelled.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

Mr. OSBORNE, in moving that it was both unjust and inexpedient to insist on the provisions of the Treaty of London, 1852, so far as related to the order of succession in the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, as a basis for the settlement of the Dano-German dispute, entered at some length into a consideration of the foreign policy of her Majesty's Government with respect to the Schleswig-Holstein question.

Mr. PEACOCK moved, as an amendment, that this House, without expressing any opinion as to how it had been carried out, approved the avowed policy of the Government in maintaining the Treaty of London of 1852, and in calling on the Danish Government to fulfil the promise which it had made to the two great German Powers in 1851-2.

A long discussion ensued, in which Mr. Disraeli took part, and moved the previous question, which was agreed to.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Blake moved the second reading of the Grand Jurors (Ireland) Bill, the chief object of which was to separate the fiscal from the criminal business transacted by the juries.

Mr. Dawson moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months. A lengthy discussion followed, after which the bill was thrown out, on a division, by 150 votes to 27.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

TRANSFER OF LAND.

Lord CHELMSFORD was proceeding to call attention to the returns which have been made to the House under the Land Transfer Act when the buzz consequent on the entrance of General Garibaldi interrupted him. In a few minutes the noble Lord went on with his remarks.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in answer to Mr. Kinnsaid, said that, at the request of the Duke of Sutherland, he went to Stafford House

where he saw General Garibaldi. He recommended him, on account of the state of his health, to forego or to contract his provincial visit—a recommendation which Garibaldi at once accepted, inasmuch as he said his object in coming to England had merely been to thank the English Government and people for the kindnesses they had shown to him and his country.

Mr. V. SCULLY asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether, in speaking of the people of England, he included those of Ireland.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said he made no reference to Ireland, and he left General Garibaldi to judge for himself as to the feeling of England.

LISBURN ELECTION—VISIT OF GARIBALDI.

Mr. BUTT moved that the case of the petitioners in the Lisburn election case should be referred to a Select Committee, which was seconded by Mr. Haddield.

[At this point General Garibaldi came into the house, accompanied by Mr. Seely, and took his seat in the Peers' box. There was no demonstration of any kind on the part of members. He stayed only ten minutes.]

Mr. HUNT contended that the Committee had committed *sesto de se* by its improper adjournment, and that the House had no power to reopen the matter. After some discussion, the motion was negatived without a division.

FIRE INSURANCE DUTY.

On the order of the day for going into Committee of Ways and Means, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER expressed a hope that the House would not assent to the proposals of the hon. members for Dudley and Bvesham in respect to the fire insurance duty, as they would greatly interfere with the present financial arrangements.

Mr. H. B. SHERIDAN moved an amendment to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's resolution respecting fire insurances, to the effect that the duty upon fire insurance should be a uniform one of a shilling per cent on all descriptions of property.

After some discussion, the amendment was negatived by a majority of 170 to 117.

WAYS AND MEANS—FIRE INSURANCE.

The House then went into Committee of Ways and Means. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved his resolution to reduce the fire insurance duty on stock in trade by 1s. 6d. per cent.

Sir H. WILLOUGHBY moved as an amendment a resolution to reduce the duty upon houses and buildings instead of stock in trade.

After a short discussion, the amendment was negatived, without a division, and the original resolution was agreed to.

THE CHANNEL FLEET.

On the order of the day for going into Committee of Supply upon the last of the Navy Estimates, Sir J. PAKINGTON called attention to the Channel Fleet, and the fleet in the home ports, which, he said, he had reason to believe were not in as efficient a state as they ought to be.

Lord C. PAGET assured the right hon. gentleman that the fleets in question were in an efficient condition. The problem of superseding wooden by iron ships engaged the full attention of the Government.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, when the last votes were agreed to.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

OUR CRIMINALS AGAIN.

WHAT should be done with criminals? The question is one perpetually recurring, and receiving continually replies modified by the spread of philosophy, civilisation, and humanity. Only a hundred years ago, the answer was simply "Hang them." Later, when England had a mission of colonisation, transportation came into vogue. The penal system has since that time been gradually giving way before attempts, primitive and uncouth enough certainly, to combine some kind of reformation with punishment. Hence arose the ticket-of-leave system, with its notorious defects, of which the chief two are as follow:—

The great object of a Judge in passing a sentence of long penal servitude is, except in rare cases, the postponement of the offenders' opportunities for perpetrating evil. This is why, previously to passing the sentence, the record of the prisoner's former convictions, if any, is called for by the Court, in order that it may be ascertained whether the offence may be attributed to occasional temptation or to a hardened disposition to crime. The ticket-of-leave system entirely overthrows this plan, and while it releases the criminal back upon society before the expiration of his sentence, does still further injury, politically, by making the sentence contemptible among those whom it was intended to overawe.

The other failing of the system is that the recipients of its benefits cannot possibly be selected with reasonable judgment. It is idle to talk of the good conduct of a man in gaol. A prisoner has no greater opportunity there of displaying virtue than of indulging in vice. It is of the very nature of imprisonment that this should be so. All tests proceeding upon a contrary assumption must be false and vain, as practice has hitherto proved them to be. How can a man's conduct, when tended, guarded and commanded by an army of turnkeys, warders, and gaol officials, be any indication of the same man cast out loose upon the streets, with none to heed, restrain, admonish, or punish him until he shall again fall into the hands of those whom he looks upon as his social enemies? It is notorious that the criminals who have been most frequently committed behave themselves best in gaol. They are most used to it. They are gaol-birds who have been caged before, and their punishment is in consequence less by comparison. Perhaps no moment of terror, shame, and all possible human mental misery can equal that of being for the first time seized by a policeman and dragged to a station. And the more sensitive—therefore the higher—the sufferer's moral nature, the more shocking is this pang.

It is the hardened offender, prudentially sentenced to a long seclusion, whom the ticket of leave is adapted to set free among his old associations, to the detriment of society. It is true that certain conditions have been already appended to his enjoyment of his license. But these are well known to be nugatory from their vagueness and uncertainty, to say nothing of their absurdity. A ticket-of-leave man must not associate with bad characters. With whom, then? It is all very well to prescribe that he must find respectable companions, but to prescribe good society to a convicted thief, is like ordering a destitute beggar to eat and drink sufficiently as the only chance of escaping starvation.

So another little device is to be tried. The ticket of leave

man is to present himself on the first day of every month at a police-office, and he is to notify every change of his residence, or forfeit his privilege. How many will comply? And in case of non-compliance, what kind of augmentation of police duty will be required to identify and recapture the hundreds of convicted, sentenced, and prematurely released thieves, who may have their own opinions as to the advisability of periodically leaving their address cards at the police station?

The truth is, that the system of the ticket-of-leave is utterly inapplicable to England, with its vast metropolitan aggregates of population. Let it be thoroughly understood that so many years penal servitude means exactly what the words imply, and no less, and all difficulty is at an end. If a five years' sentence upon these terms be unjust and cruel, pass one entailing a less term. If good conduct, to be displayed not only in submission to chaplains and governors, but in real, indisputable exhibition of willingness to labour and to learn how to labour, is to be acknowledged, let it be not by the remission of part of the sentence but by simple physical comfort and indulgences, such as are only earned out of gaol by the laborious and industrious in humble life. There is no actual reason why the enjoyment of an occasional gleam of sunshine, or even a glimpse of fields, should not, under proper supervision, be obtainable even by a convict who should thus give reasonable hope of future well-doing. We do not believe in the exclusive employment of walls and iron bars as moral remedial agents. Give convicts reason to hope, but of hope under no possible conditions save that of fulfilling man's chief and highest mundane duty—usefulness to the commonwealth among whom it has fallen to his lot to be placed.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN and THE ROYAL FAMILY have left Windsor for Osborne Her Majesty was obliged to postpone the reception at Buckingham Palace announced to take place on Saturday last, in consequence of an attack of neuralgia in the face.

THE KING of THE BELGIANS left Windsor on Tuesday, on his return to the Continent.

THE EMPEROR of AUSTRIA has postponed the International Exhibition, which was to have taken place in 1866 at Vienna, assigning several reasons for the postponement.

THE NEW EMPEROR of MEXICO arrived at Rome on Monday, and was received with much enthusiasm.

THE MEMBERS of THE NEW JAPANESE EMBASSY arrived in Paris last week.

THE ITALIAN MINISTER has kept aloof from Garibaldi since his visit in London.

THE DUKE of NEWCASTLE is considerably improved in health. On Monday his Grace was able to take a carriage airing for nearly two hours.

VELVET HANGINGS for the apartments of the Emperor and Empress of Mexico are now being manufactured in Lyons.

A SHAKESPEAREAN CELEBRATION PERFORMANCE has been forbidden in Paris.

THE UNIFORM of THE LANCER REGIMENTS, it is rumored in military circles, is to be changed from blue to red.

THE CITY of NEW YORK is rapidly breaking up, and has parted abait; portions of the wreck are drifting towards Cork harbour.

SOAPSTONE STOVES are all the rage in Quebec, and are said to be superior to iron.

THE SHEFFIELD WATERWORKS COMMITTEE have decided not to dispute legitimate claims against them.

THE "oldest historical monument in Schleswig, the old rampart (Danneverk) constructed by Queen Thyra Danneberg, is now being levelled to the ground."

MR. STANSFELD'S FRIENDS in HALIFAX have determined to invite him to a public meeting in the Piece-hall, on Whit Tuesday, and to present him with a piece of plate of not less value than 200 guineas.

SIR RICHARD GRAVES McDONNELL has been appointed Governor of Nova Scotia in place of Lord Normanby, who returns home in consequence of succeeding to the Peerage.

THE IRISHMEN of CALIFORNIA have sent a solid brick of gold and several bricks of silver to the Fenian Fair at Chicago.

IN THE SESSION of 1863 the House of Commons took fees on private bills to the amount of £66,514. The House took £1825 in fees on the bill for a Beckenham, Lewes, and Brighton Railway, and did not pass the bill after all.

THE SWISS FEDERAL COUNCIL have decided upon enforcing the decree of expulsion against Mazzini, on the ground that he has several times lately abused the right of hospitality. Orders to this effect have therefore been dispatched to the different cantons.

THE SCAVENGERS of EDINBURGH have struck work in consequence of a demand to be relieved of night and Sunday work not having been immediately complied with.

THERE is a TENEMENT-HOUSE in NEW YORK CITY having sixty-eight rooms, 8 ft. by 10 ft., containing seventy families of one hundred and forty-four adults and one hundred and thirty-eight children, eleven dogs, and forty-three cats.

A SMALL PARK of ARTILLERY, consisting of fourteen 4-pounder field-pieces, properly mounted, has been offered to the King of Denmark by Mr. Waterman, a working man residing at Shirley, near Southampton.

THE COUNTY ELECTORS of England and Wales on the register for the present year are 535,788 in number; fourteen years ago the number was not 500,000. The borough electors for the present year are 487,604: fourteen years ago they were not 400,000.

A SHOCKING MURDER was committed near Burton-crescent on Monday morning. A husband killed his wife in a barbarous manner, and then committed suicide.

FIVE YOUNG PERSIAN GENTLEMEN have arrived in England, to be educated at the expense of their own Government, under the care of his Excellency Mahmoud Khan, the Persian Minister in this country.

A YOUNG MAN in the employ of an eminent firm of chemists in Liverpool mixed strychnine instead of James's powder in a prescription, and thus caused the death of a patient. He is to be tried for manslaughter.

ADVICES FROM SAN DOMINGO state that the town of Palama and the insurgent garrison, together with the stores of provisions and ammunition, had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. The Government is now preparing for a decisive campaign in the autumn.

A TELEGRAM FROM VERA CRUZ, dated March 15, states that "the army of Juarez no longer exists, Juarez himself being a fugitive." His whereabouts is unknown. There are only some bands of plunderers wandering about the country."

M. VICTOR HUGO has dedicated his work on Shakespeare as follows:—"To England.—I dedicate to her this book, in honour of her poet. I do not flatter England; but, as an illustrious and a free country, I admire her, and, as the sanctuary of exiles, I love her."

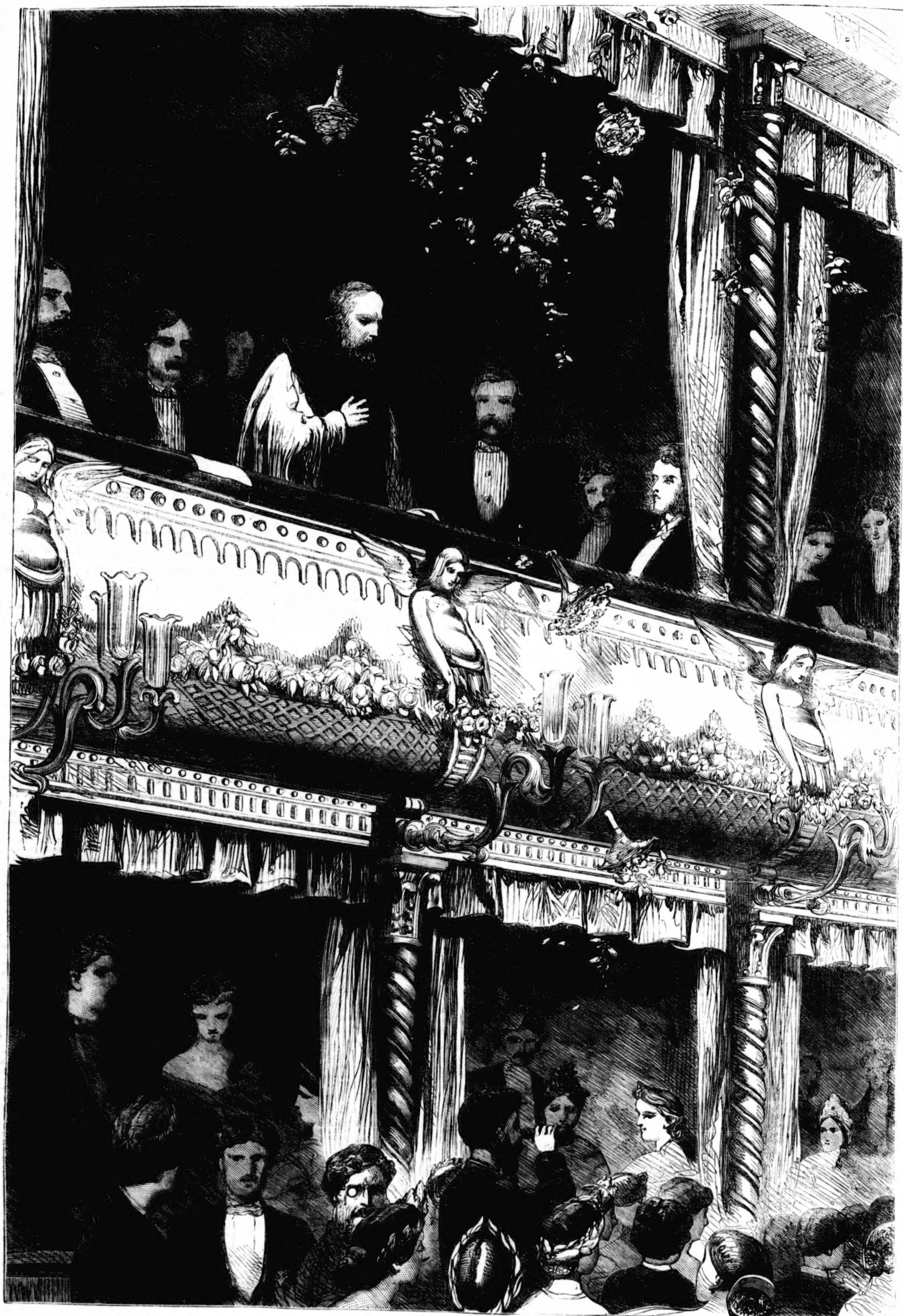
ANNUITY-TAX (OR MINISTERS'-MONEY) RIOTS are again going on in Edinburgh; and at a sale in St. Andrew-street, on Tuesday, at which four thousand persons were present, the goods seized for the tax were smashed and burnt.

THE SAKON CHAMBER of DEPUTIES has adopted unanimously a protest against any step on the part of the forthcoming conference which might tend to dispose of the duchies without consulting the wishes of the inhabitants.

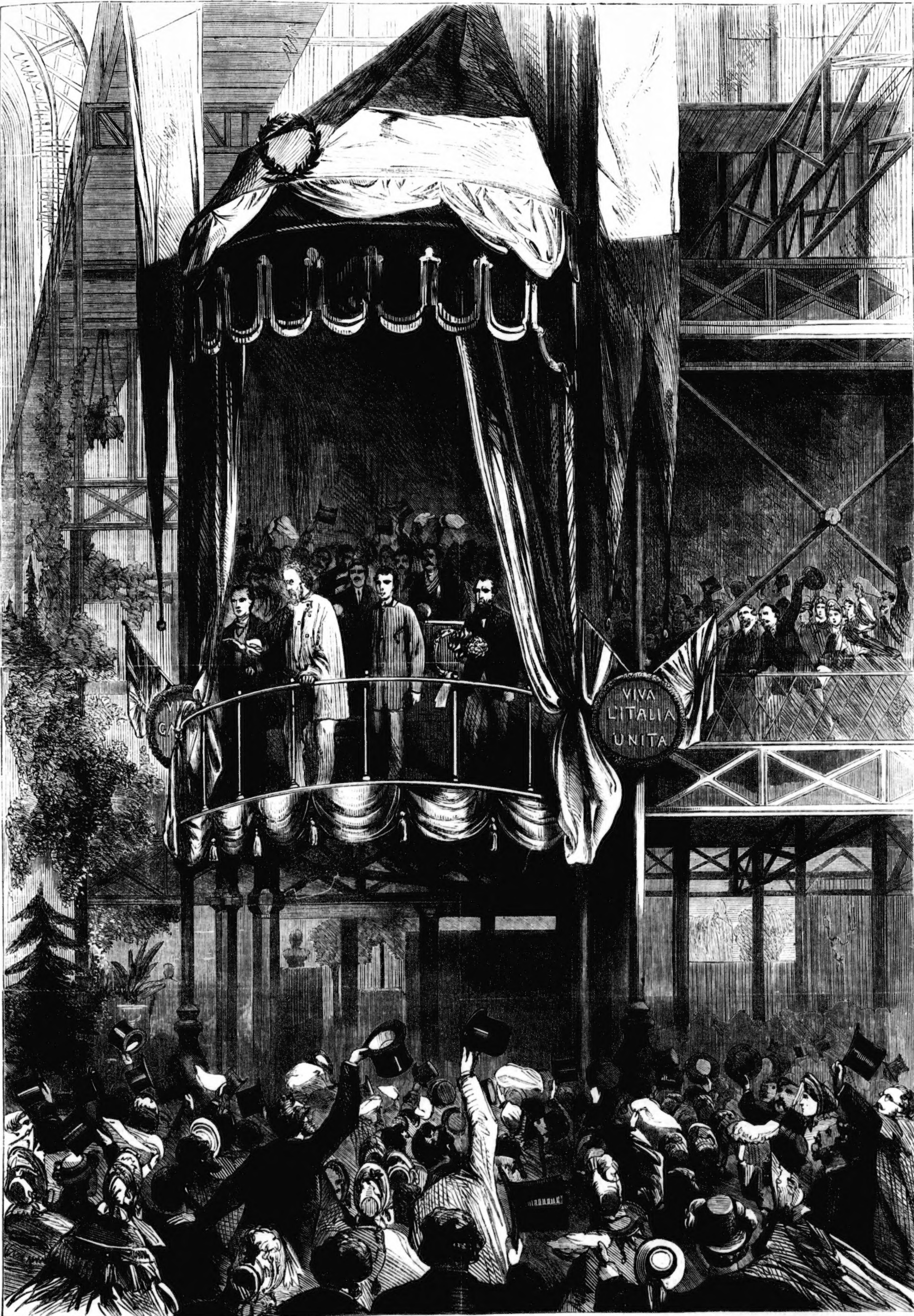
THE NUMBER of persons employed in the public offices and departments was greater by 561 at the close of the year 1863 than at its commencement. The total amount of the salaries and emoluments payable was considerably increased, but there was a reduction in the amount of retired allowances and of expenses, so that, on the whole, the increased charge was only £2160.

MATHER, a "converted prize-fighter," was lecturing in a chapel at Nottingham when an escape of gas was perceived. A man applied a light to a crevice from which the fumes issued, when a dreadful explosion occurred. The audience were seized with terror, and a dreadful struggle to get out of the room took place. Happily no loss of life occurred.

AS AN IN-PENSIONER of GREENWICH HOSPITAL was walking along the Trafalgar-road, Greenwich, his foot became entangled in the crinoline of a lady who was passing. He was thrown down, and the back of his head came in contact with the kerbstone and severely injured his skull. He died in less than half an hour from the time of the accident.



GENERAL GARIBOLDI'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA: LADIES SPRINKLING FLOWERS ON THE GENERAL'S HEAD.—SEE PAGE 258.



GENERAL GARIBALDI'S VISIT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE: SINGING THE CHORUS OF "THE GARIBALDINA."—SEE PAGE 278.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

For some time past there have been five Under-Secretaries of State in the House of Commons—to wit, those for the Home Department, the Colonies, India, Foreign Affairs, and for War. By the statute in such case made and provided there ought to have been only four; and now, who is the offender? The lawyers are not agreed on this point. Opinion, generally, points to the Marquis of Hartington, who was last appointed; but her Majesty's Attorney-General tells us that he is no more an offender under the statute than the others. There is, however, a Committee of the House appointed to investigate this grave matter and to report to the House. What penalties the offender has incurred by his offence I cannot learn; but, whatever they may be, he will be exonerated by an Act of Indemnity. It is curious that though the Act which regulates the number of Under-Secretaries who may sit in the house was passed only a few years ago its provisions should have been so entirely forgotten by the Government, and that this irregularity should have so long escaped the lynx-eyes of the lawyers on both sides of the house.

Garibaldi is to go away—back to Caprea—on Monday. This was the news which came down to the House and was echoed through the clubs on Monday evening; and I need hardly say that it everywhere made a great sensation. "What is he going away for?" was the question put a thousand times in the course of the evening. And when my Lord —, who was supposed to know all about the affair, came down to the House, he was immediately surrounded with anxious inquirers, to all of whom he gave answer thus, with little variation—"Oh, he is unwell, and if we keep him here he will certainly break down." But this answer was clearly not satisfactory to the questioners. Indeed, there was something in the manner of the noble Lord which gave rise to suspicion; he was too earnest, he protested too much, was too anxious to explain. Not that anyone would for a moment suspect a peer of fibbing. Far be that from us; but when there are two reasons—one strong and one weak—it is quite allowable you know, in morals, to put forward the weak reason and to conceal the strong, and it is allowable also perhaps to indulge in a little exaggeration to make the weak reason look a little stronger, especially in the official world. Nor are official personages to be charged with deceit if they draw large conclusions from small premises and conjure up imaginary evils. "Garibaldi is not entirely well; not quite so strong as he was when he stepped ashore. A month more of such fatigue as that which he has had lately to endure might make him worse; perhaps very unwell; perhaps endanger his life. Oh, let us send him back by all means! Think what a dreadful thing it would be if anything were to happen to him." This was the reason, and the reasoning, and the foreboding of the noble Lord. And, as you will have seen, Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon have echoed both the reason and the reasoning, and I suppose we ought to be satisfied, and our hearts ought to swell with gratitude to these noble Lords for their anxiety about the health and their care for the preservation of the life of the illustrious chief.

But somehow the English people are not satisfied. They suspect a *suppression veri*, and in truth so do I; nay, I may say I know that the truth has been suppressed, if falsity has not been suggested. Garibaldi, we are told, is going away because he is unwell, and may be worse. But does Garibaldi say so himself? No. On the contrary, he says he is well enough, that he is anxious to stop, and really desirous to perform all his engagements. Depend upon it, this plea of ill-health is a sham, invented to cover some other reason which the inventors do not like to let the public see.

"He has, then, been pressed to do so for political reasons?" Exactly so. "But Clarendon and Palmerston both aver that the Government has not even suggested that he ought to go away, and that, as to the Emperor of the French, he, so far from hinting that Garibaldi's presence was distasteful to him, applauded the enthusiasm with which he has been received." True. But will Lord Palmerston say that no member of the Government has suggested the departure of Garibaldi. He cannot do this; for it is understood that a Cabinet Minister did tell Garibaldi that it would be convenient to the Government if he would go home. And this is the reason, and not because his health has failed, that the General leaves us so unexpectedly.

At whose suggestion this change was made I cannot positively say, but I suspect that it was intended to conciliate the Austrian Ambassador. His Excellency has been, it is said, in a terrible funk (to use a schoolboy's phrase) ever since Garibaldi landed. Nor is this surprising, for he knows why Garibaldi came to England. The illustrious chief came here not, as the people suppose, merely to see his friends. In his little island he sniffed the scent of war between England and Austria, had heard that the English fleet was ordered to the North Sea, and was informed that we were about to help the Danes; and, ever on the alert to seize a chance of promoting the great object of his life, he at once left his eyrie, and came to see whether he could not in some way (not very clearly defined in his own mind, perhaps) promote the realisation of his great idea—concert, perhaps, with the English Government an attack upon Venice. "Was that so?" Yea; and the Austrian Ambassador knew it; and hence my suspicion that his Excellency suggested the extradition of Garibaldi before the conference gets well to work. This, I confess, only an inference; but my readers may rely upon it that Garibaldi's mission here was business, and that the Austrian Ambassador knows it. But it may be said—Why did Garibaldi so easily assent to the proposition that he should return home? Well, I have thought of this, and consulted men who have better opportunities of resolving the question than I have, and here is my opinion on this subject:—The object of Garibaldi's life is what we know; to this he is ready to sacrifice everything—pleasure, convenience, reputation, life; and it may have occurred to him that it is wisdom to listen to the suggestion. He can do nothing in the way of promoting his great object by staying here; and he may only think that he would do injury to his great cause by opposing the wishes of those who, in his simplicity, he may think may be useful to him hereafter. This, however, is only conjecture.

By this time next week we shall know all about the tercentenary. Mr. Fechter, I see, has announced that as his performance of "Hamlet" must, in consequence of his indisposition, be postponed, on the evening of the 23rd the Lyceum Theatre will be closed. Rather a mournful way of celebrating Shakespeare's birthday. Let us hope that the rest of the London managers will keep their health, for if illness should compel them to follow the example of Mr. Fechter, the London Tercentenary Festival will be observed as a sort of day of theatrical mourning.

I hear of another hitch in the performances at Stratford. Miss Helen Faucit has seceded. It is said that our greatest English actress, having heard that Mdlle. Stella Colas has been asked and has consented to play Juliet, at once withdrew her services. Now if Mdlle. Stella were to refuse to act, the committee would be in another double fix. Artists are, as the Scotch proverb says, "little cattle to shoe behind." I find I have forgotten to mention that the part vacated by Miss Faucit is to be played by Mrs. Charles Young.

In Paris there are to be two Shakespearean dinners—one for the English residents, the other for the French *littérati* and *illuminati*. Victor Hugo has been appointed chairman, but as, of course, he will not show in Paris, and the Parisians cannot overthrow the Napoleonic dynasty for the sake of securing the great poet's presence at the Shakespearean dinner, the chair is to remain empty. The committee have great names among them—George Sand, Jules Favre, Alexandre Dumas, Ballaillé, Berlioz, Pellat, Michelet, Littré, Legouvé, Théophile Gautier, Jules Janin, and Regnier, the actor-author. They have decided to dine at the Grand Hôtel, at the hour of two, the price of the dinner to be 10*fr.* The dinner of the English residents is also to take place in the same gorgeous salon, but the tickets are to be 25*fr.*, and the hour seven.

Oh, Shakespeare, what absurdities are not committed in thy name! Was it not enough that small literary cliques, reverend divines of theatrical proclivities, rival tragedians and tragediennes, disinterested publicans who arrange dinners—"wine being a hextra charge"—photographers, butter merchants, and scented-soap manufacturers should exploit thee; must thy pages be ransacked to supply advertisements for cheap tailors? But I am digressing—I may say descending into earnestness; and no "Lounge" should

be earnest. I have been betrayed into this pardonable outbreak by the sight of a pamphlet published by those indefatigable costumiers, Messrs. Moses and Son, corner of Minorities and Aldgate, &c. It is called "The Tercentenary," and is a most extraordinary compilation. It starts by saying that Shakespeare has been prettily enough styled the Genius of the British Isles, and then in a note remarks that, though "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," the world does see something in a name" (Moses and Son, corner of Minorities, and Aldgate, &c., for instance), "and would be sorry to designate so imperial a genius as Shakespeare by an insignificant or vulgar cognomen, such as Mr. Pig, Mr. Hogflesh, or Mr. Dishclout!" Is there not something charming in the Messrs. Moses's running variations on pork as the most vulgar and insignificant thing in the world? But to the pamphlet "Some commentators think he must have been a butcher, others a lawyer, others a glover, others a tailor, and so on." Oh, wise young clothier, how do I honour thee! Sartor Resartus is then quoted:—"Man's earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together and held up by CLOTHES." Then back to the Bard, with this wonderful Shakespearean recommendation, to rush to the corner of Minorities and Aldgate, &c.:—"When Lear beholds Edgar exposed almost naked to the inclemency of the skies, he is shocked at the aspect of the uncovered body." The circular bristles with blank verse—

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear.
Robes and furred gowns hide all.—Lear.

And remarks, "When the terrible news of the murder of his wife and children is communicated to Macduff, the afflicted husband and father does not 'give sorrow words'—does not pour forth a whole page full of declamation. He simply 'pulls his HAT upon his brows'!" More evidence is then adduced as to garments—

Or ere those SHOES were old
With which she followed my poor father's body

is given, and Romeo's allusion to the glove on Juliet's hand, and even mad Lear's

Pray you undo this BUTTON,

and Mark Antony's

You all do know this MANTLE.

The pamphlet winds up with the scene from "Othello," preceded by the observation that "Othello's was no ordinary handkerchief, of a kind obtainable at the nearest shop."

But the few extracts I have given convey but a faint idea of the work as a work. These enthusiastic clothiers and outfitters would seem to be such devoted worshippers of the poet that were he living now, I doubt not they would not only forgive him "The Merchant of Venice"—to which play, by-the-way, there is not a single allusion in the whole pamphlet—but offer him the place of permanent poet to the establishment at the corner of the Minorities, Aldgate, &c., and the prospect of a partnership.

It is certainly worth while to cultivate acquaintance with London programmes. The Polytechnic announces a "New Optical Entertainment, entitled 'A Dream in the Polytechnic' Daily at four and nine o'clock. The whole of the pictures are painted by the best artists, and are intended to express the confusion of Polytechnic stories and incidents in the mind of the dreamer. Gaston Murray, Esq., will describe the dream, which is written by one of the directors." Of course the italics are mine, but could anyone suppose that such delicious rubbish would be placarded by a *soldier* scientific exhibition. "A dream daily at four and nine!" At four p.m. and nine p.m., of course; and the pictures, painted by the best artists, are intended to express—modest programme-writer—"intended to express the confusion of Polytechnic stories!" The confusion! Why, I thought the aim, purpose, beginning, middle, and end of the Polytechnic was to make science popular; to divest it of its dryness, and give it a pictorial and conversational charm; to bring, as it were, the refraction of a ray of light within the means of the most humble. Confusion, indeed! I should have thought the clearness, the lucidity, the microscopical transparency, if I might be allowed an expression equally at the service of a savant or a showman. But the gem of the announcement is, that "the Dream is written by one of the Directors." By only one of them? Why not by the committee or by the shareholders? And how gifted must that man be who is at once and the same time a director and an author, and what a fine line it looks in the bills! Conceive the attraction of the next entertainment if announced as the production of the Diver, written during immersion, or of the Doorkeeper, or of the young ladies who sell the Bath buns.

Many of our readers will learn with regret the recent death of Mr. John George Edgar, at the early age of thirty-seven. Mr. Edgar became well known within the last few years as the author of several works displaying a curious knowledge of the chivalric and feudal ages. For several years the deceased gentleman was engaged upon this Journal, and eventually relinquished his position to devote his powers exclusively to authorship. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Edgar, of Hutton, Berwickshire. Having been educated at Coldstream Grammar School, he entered upon a commercial career, and travelled as the representative of a wealthy firm to Barbadoes. Mr. Edgar, upon his return to this country, devoted his cultivated mind to literary pursuits. After the cessation of his connection with this Paper he published several original works, a few of which may be named:—"The Wars of the Roses," "Crusades and Crusaders," "Cavaliers and Roundheads," "Saxons, Danes, and Normans," "Memorable Events of Modern History," and a series of historical tales. They displayed great learning and research, and appreciation of the chief historical characters of Old England. His chronicles—for, apart from the imagination and feeling with which it was his manner to embellish his stories, they were such—might well have instructed men, though his kindly, genial nature led him to aim rather at forming the mind of youth. He was a generous, open-hearted, honourable friend, and a true gentleman. A work which he long contemplated, and which was to have been his masterpiece, was a history of the Plantagenets, containing especially much valuable and recondite information as to the life and times of Edward I. By his premature demise the materials which it was the favourite duty of his life to collect in reference to this subject, will now, of course, be lost to the students of history. He died in consequence of a severe cold, occasioning fever, which finally settled upon his brain. He was followed to his grave at Highgate Cemetery, on Tuesday last, by numerous friends, connected, like himself, with journalism and literature.

The subjoined advertisement from the second column of the *Times* of Wednesday last is certainly curious:—

GRANDFATHER had better RETURN HOME at once, and show by his future conduct that he will endeavour to retrieve the past. He must, however, determine to act very differently. Bring back the things. Shall advertise no more.

Poor dear, wicked, old grandfather! He has been giving reins to his folly, has he? Dear old chap! And all is to be forgiven if he will only "bring back the things." What things? The tea-things, or the things left out for, or brought home by, the washerwoman? Of course he will come back. The return of the prodigal grandfather will be the occasion of great rejoicing in the household of his respectable posterity. They will then "advertise no more."

Another newspaper, *Le Grand Journal*, has appeared in Paris, with M. de Villemessant, the ex-editor of the *Figaro*, for its director. Alexander Dumas is one of its contributors, and is to be paid at the rate of one penny for every eight letters.

The other day, in a French illustrated journal, I saw literary men described as *les mouchards de mœurs*, which I thought very smart. I send you the few following maxims, à la Rochefoucauld, from the same source:—

"No sooner do we love than we wished to be loved, and no sooner are we loved than we are weary of it." "Every man has one coat for out-of-door wear and another for home, and every man has manners and temper for out-of-doors and manners and temper for home: the latter, doubtless from reasons of economy, being of infinitely inferior quality to the former." "A conversation all wit is like a dinner all side-dishes." "The mental distance between a fool and a man of sense, though further than the fool supposes, is not so great as the man of sense imagines." "No woman is so bad as her female friends say she is."

All very clever from a French point of view—that is, sparkling as a *soiled* diamond—almost witty, and painfully cynical.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The first round of applause drawn by the Shakespearean Tercentenary Festival was drawn at the little STRAND THEATRE on Monday night, when the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" was played by Miss Ada Swanborough and Miss Marie Wilton. Marie, la piquante, acted Juliet with great grace, sweetness, and tenderness. I have always been weak-minded enough to consider comedy a higher art than tragedy; that it required more natural intelligence, power of observation, and artistic feeling. I have no doubt that Miss Wilton could act serious parts admirably if she chose, but I hope that she will not choose. Miss Swanborough delivered the lines of Romeo with judgment and correctness. When the balcony scene was over, and the young gentlemen in the stalls had cracked their kid gloves with delight, and the two ladies had crossed behind the footlights, the curtain rose on the last act of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the burlesque of Shakespeare—that burlesque that delighted in exposing stage trickery and absurdity in its most primitive form—was offered to a pun-loving and fun-loving Strand audience. Mr. Wood made an excellent Prologue; Mr. Charles Fenton, whom I remember in the same part at Sadler's Wells, was an admirable Thisbe; and Mr. Belford made his first appearance as the weaver Bottom with great success. The applause was uproarious. I heard, however, that there were two dissentients, both very young "swells," whose Shakespearean education had been neglected in their youth, and who, seeing the classical costumes, imagined that the tragical comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe was the modern extravaganza of Orpheus and Eurydice. "Well," said one, "I've seen good many Byron's burlesques and liked 'em; but this is most infernal rot ever saw 'n all-m' life!"

While speaking of Mr. Byron, he has recently written a new extravaganza, which is to be produced in a few days.

If the Ticket-of-Leave Man would only elope with Leah and persuade Bel Demonio to be the companion of their flight, there would be some chance of Londoners seeing a change of performances at the Olympic, the Adelphi, and the Lyceum. However, in honour of Shakespeare, "The Taming of the Shrew" has been produced at the first-mentioned theatre—that is, Garrick's compressed edition. Mr. Neville, Miss Fanny Hughes, one of the best actresses on our stage, Mr. Atkins, and Mr. Horace Wigan appear as Petruchio, Katherine, Grumio, and the Tailor with excellent effect.

And, apropos of Garrick, which is the title of the new piece in which Mr. Sothorn is to appear next week, great preparations are being made in the way of scenery and dresses, and all sorts of authorities have been hunted up by the Haymarket artistes. I hear that these dramatic antiquarians are most puzzled about their wigs—there being a positive embarrassment of riches in the shapes and fashions of the wigs of the period. There has been a long and ardent discussion as to Garrick's own particular *coiffure*. All the authenticated portraits were taken when the great actor was advanced in years. The famous one by Reynolds, where he is depicted between the two muses (and who shall say that the expression of his countenance does not incline to comedy, like a sensible fellow as he was?) gives him his own flowing hair. I fear that Garrick's appearance when a young man will for ever remain a mystery. Will none of those ingenious gentlemen who are perpetually turning up all sorts of extraordinary things in *Notes and Queries* come to the rescue?

On Monday evening, at Sadler's Wells, Mr. George Cruikshank, the veteran caricaturist, appeared as Macbeth. I was not able to witness the performance, not having yet learnt the art of being in two places at once, so can give no evidence as to its merits.

I am happy to say that Mdlle. Stella Colas plays Juliet on Monday next at the Princess's, where during this past week Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin have been acting in Mr. Westland Marston's "Donna Diana."

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!" Frederic Lemaitre, the great French actor, the original Ruy Blas, Don Cesar, Belphegor, and Robert Macaire, after an absence of five or six years from the stage, has reappeared at the Ambigu, in a new drama called "Le Comte de Sallies," and created an extraordinary impression. I read in a critical notice that "Frederic was stronger than ever."

Mr. J. Clarke reappears at the ST. JAMES'S in a new farce, written for him some years ago by Mrs. Buckingham.

SIR ROBERT KANE has resigned his office as President of the Queen's College, Cork, because the Government required that the president of the college should be no longer non-resident. It is likely that Sir Robert will now devote his time and energies to his favourite institution—the Museum of Irish Industry. Dr. Bullen, Professor of Surgery at Cork College, has also resigned in consequence of his pupils refusing to attend his lectures.

THE CONFERENCE.—The appointed meeting of the Plenipotentiaries accredited to sit at the Conference took place at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury on Wednesday; but no business could be transacted, in consequence of the absence of the Austrian and Prussian Ambassadors. They abstained from attending, it is understood, because they had received instructions not to assist at the board until the arrival of Baron Beust, the representative of the German Federation. That gentleman, however, was expected to arrive within a day or two, and the next meeting of the Conference was fixed for Monday, the 25th inst. It was justly assumed that the very earliest subject which would arise for discussion was that of an armistice, and we believe we are not wrong in asserting that it did not pass without mention on Wednesday. Of course nothing could be done of a practical nature, and even that urgent question must stand over with the rest until the appearance of the tardy traveller.

PRUSSIA'S VIEWS ON THE DANISH QUESTION.—A circular despatch of von Bismarck, dated March 29, addressed to the Prussian representatives at the German Courts in explanation of the King of Prussia's acceptance of the proposal to hold a conference, has been published. M. von Bismarck declares that the basis of the conference is not, and cannot be, the arrangements of 1814-15, which have lapsed through Denmark's violation of them, and the sacrifices thereby imposed upon Prussia and Austria. The only end of the conference is to devise means to effect a peace; and the Prussian Minister urges, on that ground, the acceptance of the proposal by the various German Powers in the Diet. Such acceptance will not commit them to the recognition of the Treaty of 1852, and any Government would take upon itself a heavy responsibility which should reject at the commencement a proffered peaceful issue. It is true, urges von Bismarck, that the German Diet has not up to the present time taken part in the measures of the two Powers with regard to Schleswig based upon international right; but the mere execution of its federal competence with respect to Holstein has imposed sacrifices, and the Diet may at any moment find itself in the position of being compelled to assert its international claims by means of force. It is, therefore, also in the interest of that body to remove the dangers which must constantly arise anew from a continuation of the present conditions, and it is not less its interest that the relations to be established, with the guarantees to be obtained, should receive such a sanction by the law of nations as will be effected by the proposed conference. The special point of federal competence with respect to the federal country of Holstein is not thereby touched, remaining, on the other hand, in every way reserved; but the Diet has always recognised that its rights to Schleswig are of an international character, and not to be withdrawn from international treatment.

NATIONAL DOG SHOW AT ASHBURNHAM HALL.—Dog shows have now become as much an institution as horseracing. Just as the latter is maintained avowedly to improve the breed of horses, so the former is of service in improving the breed of dogs—animals whose usefulness is not limited. Foremost in London to establish these shows was Mr. E. T. Smith. The collection which he brought together last year in Ashburnham Hall was one of great excellence. This year, however, it is eclipsed by the show which was opened on Monday. On Saturday the judges were occupied all day in making their awards, and in the evening there was a private view. The arrangements for the show are most admirable. The comfort of the dogs is thoroughly cared for. One of the most important of the preparations to ensure this end is an hydraulic apparatus and an open trough, by means of which an abundant supply of water for their use is constantly flowing along the kennels. This, however, is only one of the very excellent arrangements which, under the direction of Mr. Fisher, the general manager of the show, have been made. The hall itself is very tastefully fitted up, and its ventilation is all that can be desired. With respect to the animals themselves, there was probably never a collection of choicer dogs seen. They number altogether over 1000, the entries being 337, some of which are, of course, of more dogs than one. The pointers are the finest we ever saw; the setters, too, are very good; while among the bloodhounds, harriers, &c., there are some splendid canine specimens. The dogs are placed in the ballet theatre in Cremorne Gardens. There are some very curious animals among them.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THEATRICAL TYPES.

No. VIII.—CHAMBERMAIDS, SOUBRETTES, AND BURLESQUE ACTRESSES.

It is understood that these pages treat of none but those actors and actresses whose calling is that of actor and actress only—that is, our Types are theatrical, and nothing else. We speak only of those who embrace a hard-working and ill-paid career for the purpose of earning an honest livelihood, of following an artistic calling, or gratifying a pardonable vanity. Of the man who has emoluments, or half-pay, or a rich wife or relations; or the woman to whom the stage is the mere pastime for an idle hour, a peg whereon to hang rich clothes, or a means of advertising purchasable charms, we do not speak.

In the days of the performance of the old comedies—works whose absence from the stage we should regret the more did we not remember their utter conventionality and unnaturalness—there used to be found in most dramatic companies a short, somewhat stout, white-toothed, sweet-breathed, snub-nosed, black-eyed, broad-hipped Hebe who played the class of characters called in green-room parlance “the Chambermaid.” She possessed a good voice, could sing by ear, and had a saucy way of tossing her head that was half-boyish, half-hoydenish, and wholly captivating. A Chambermaid was the motive power of comedy, the female factotum or Figaro in petticoats, who advised her young mistress to oppose her father's will and to elope with the “Captain,” who abused her old master, counselled his wife to deceive him, took guineas, and sometimes kisses, from “the Captain”—that eternal officer—behaved with hideous insincerity to all the dramatic persons over the age of forty, secured to herself a competence, and all the while loved and was beloved by the Captain's own man, Mr. Tagg, the valet. The dialogue she spoke was sometimes not only broad but coarse; but there was a fresh, vivid humanity in her and about her. She was a high-mettled wench, with great natural wit and small education, who loved and hated with equal ardour; in brief, she was feminine, exaggerated and natural. Mais nous avons changé tout cela. About the same time that the art of acting—as an art—began to be degraded, the Chambermaid gradually assumed French airs and vaudeville graces. It was as Mr. Square, the philosopher, said, “in the eternal fitness of things” that as our stage became a schoolboy vulgarisation of the Parisian theatres, that pert Betty should be transformed into *piquante* Lotte, and that good old English oaken staircase, candlestick-carrying, cherry-brandy sort of word, chambermaid, should be abandoned for *soubrette*.

The soubrette is highly genteel. Oh! so genteel, that she has velvet ribbons at the pockets of sky-blue satin aprons, and travels over Europe in a Mechlin-lace cap the size of a crownpiece. She would not break a silver sixpence with her sweetheart; to have a £5 note she would consider low. She sings, too, scientifically; and in costume, character, coquettishness, and contralto voice is a queer combination of reality and impossibility—of theatre and opera; neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

The public is indebted for the introduction of this hybrid to those women whose resources are obtained outside of and not in the theatre. It is easier to find ear-rings than talent; money will purchase ribbons by the yard, and the power of delivering smart repartee and delineating character is not sold at the haberdasher's; but, as it has been already stated that this subject is forbidden, it cannot be pursued.

With the change of feeling, taste, and fashion, the Theatre—that cheap mirror with a Dutch-metal frame, that inverts all that it reflects—must change too. The Chambermaid is gone—gone with the oil-lamps, the sheet-iron thunder, and the green carpet, stowed away as useless lumber, unfit for the consideration of a speculative dealer in marine stores. The *soubrette*, too, is very nearly off the stage; and we shall hear the loss of that genteel gimcrack with considerable fortitude. These two divinities of the gallery, powers over the pit and pots of the boxes, have been eclipsed by a more vivid, more dazzling, more spangly star—the Burlesque Actress, who now rules the hours between nine and twelve p.m., as sure as legs are legs.

In the days of our grandfathers, young men posed themselves mysteriously. Every man's obsequies between the ages of eighteen and eight-and-twenty tried to believe, and succeeded in believing, that he was a *grand homme incompris*. The portrait of Lord Byron on a rock—cloak, turn-down collar, and loosely-tied black neckerchief fluttering in the breeze—set the fashion. Men drank at night, and, feeling bilious the next morning, mistook the nausea of indigestion for yearnings after the infinite. We keep sober now, and need not start the day with soda-water. We cut our hair short, wear pockets in our nether garments, loll, smoke, and try to talk funny. In powdered wig, three-cornered hat, high-heeled shoes, conversation endeavoured to be smart, witty, epigrammatic, and debonaire—in nankeen trousers, high-collared coats, with buttons between the shoulders—we were gloomy, misanthropic, caustic, sceptical, and morose. Now, floppy, comfortable, easy, inelegant, and frivolous, we go in for fun. Life is hard work while we are working. In the stalls we cannot wait for the gradual development of character. Pooh! pooh! That would be a bore. That was for the days of the old stage-coaches. We go express pace now, and we want singing, and dancing, and acting, and personal beauty, and pink boots, and puns, and gauzy nymphs, and nigger melodies, and classic fables, and apt allusion, and coloured fire all at once. So brava! and bravo! for the Prince or Princess Pretty-poppet-loliderol of the Skidamalinka Islands, or the Genius who was shut up in a Bottle of Harvey's Sauce!

The Burlesque Actress is young, elegant, and accomplished in more than the usual sense of the word. She is generally handsome, and when her features are irregular she more than atones for them by expression—expression that combines good humour, malice, intensity of feeling, Bacchante-like enjoyment, and devotion. She can sing the most difficult of Donizetti's languid, loving melodies, as well as the inimitable Mackeney's “Oh, Rosa, how I love you! Coodle cum!” She can warble a drawing-room ballad of “The daylight of the soul” or “Eyes melting in gloom” school, or whistling “When I was awaking in Wiggleton Vale” with the shrillness and correctness of a Whitechapel birdcatcher. She is as faultless on the piano as on the bones. She can waltz, polka, dance a *pas seul* or a sailor's hornpipe, La Sylphide, or the *Genu-voine* Transatlantic Ope-Code-Skedaddle, with equal grace and spirit; and as for acting, she can declaim in la Phelps or Fechter; is serious, droll; and must play farce, tragedy, opera, comedy, melodrama, pantomime, ballet, change her costume, fight a combat, make love, poison herself, die, and take one encore for a song and another for a dance, in the short space of ten minutes.

The young actress in possession of all these abilities wakes up the morning after her appearance in London to find herself famous. The men at the clubs go mad about her. She is almost pelted with bouquets and billet-doux; enthusiasts crowd round her cab to see her alight or waylay her in omnibuses; old gentlemen send her flacons, scent-bottles, ivory-backed hairbrushes, cambrio pocket-handkerchiefs, and parasols; matter-of-fact barristers compose verses in her honour; and photographers lay their cameras at her feet. Half Aldershot comes nightly up by train. She is a power in London, and theatrical managers drive up to her door and bid against each other for her services. Fortune-folks who see her in the daytime complain “that she dresses plainly—almost shabbily;” but then they are not aware that she has to keep half a dozen fatherless brothers and sisters and an invalid mother out of her salary—which intelligence, when known to the two or three men who really care for her, sends them sleepers with admiration. There is a household fairy who can polk, paint, make puddings, sing, sew on buttons, turn heads and old bonnets, wear cleaned gloves, whistle, weep, laugh, and, perhaps, love!

But there are thorns even in this bed of roses. Some of her admirers are desperate, and, unless she consent to suffer immediate matrimony, or at least to plight her troth and swear to marry none but them, threaten dreadful things. One desperate gentleman, a

crack shot, informs her that if the actor who plays the villainous Baron in the burlesque, and of whom he is jealous entirely without a cause, kisses her in the second scene, which it is in his part to do, and which privilege he does not value one burnt cork—he, the desperate gentleman—will fire his revolver at him from his private box. Another admirer, not quite so mad, calls and finds his beloved Sweetie—let us call the burlesque actress Miss Sweetie Bonbon—in tears: her sick mother informs admirer No. 2 of the cause of the flowing of those pearly drops.

“What!” exclaims No. 2, “he'll shoot Oddjaws. By Jove, if he does, I'll shoot him! and I'll take my revolver into the opposite box and watch; and if I see him take aim—I'll!”—and both lovers take their revolvers, with every barrel loaded, to the theatre; and Oddjaws kisses Sweetie, as usual, in the presence of eight hundred people; but nothing comes of it but the terror of the poor girl, who breaks down in her song, tumbles down in her dance, and comes to grief in her dialogue.

The actors in the same theatre look upon her legion of lovers with good-humoured wonder and something of good-humoured contempt. They know Sweetie, as she is, for a good little girl with a thousand excellent qualities and a terrible temper. The fascination of the footlights is no magic spell for them.

“Sweetie is a nice little thing,” they say; “but she's too fond of applause; not that that is much matter, but then she is too fond of other people not getting it.”

“I think she's beginning to be fond of Oddjaws,” remarks the “Old Man,” in the dressing-room.

“Not she,” responds the Light Comedian, a gentleman who has gone through a considerable quantity of love in his time. “She likes acting a great deal too well to care about anything else.”

At length the flat goes forth—Miss Sweetie Bonbon is “engaged.” Despair seizes Aldershot, and the Temple takes to drink. Young city clerks care no longer for their paper collars, and the friends of the fortunate man whisper to each other, “Whatever that girl can see in Rawson I am at a loss to see.”

Though some of the adoraress fall off, the majority remain faithful, scrape acquaintance with each other, and exchange mutual consolation.

One little Ensign, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, like the Ghost of the Monk in “Don Juan,” “would not be driven away.” At first he had signed his letters to Sweetie “Toujours à toi,” which at the theatre was soon corrupted into Twoshoes; in fact, the lad was known to every carpenter as Corporal Twoshoes. The bright parting of his back hair glistened every evening in Covent-garden market, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of the theatre. His constant companion was another blighted one—a young gentleman from Oxford, the son of a Dean, who was about to take orders—and the two wandered about together comforting each other by singing the nigger melodies as sung by Sweetie.

In vain did Sweetie see them in morning wrappers and curl-papers; in vain she said,

“You know, Twoshoes, you mustn't come here so often now; people might talk, and I'm sure you like me a great deal too well to hurt me in any way.”

“But I don't like you, Sweetie, I love you! I beg your pardon, I know I mustn't say that, I promised not to, but I may come and see you, mayn't I, Mrs. Bonbon?”

The artful Ensign appealed to the mother, with whom his frequent presents to the younger children makes him a special favourite, but in vain.

Driven from the bower, not only bearded by the presence of his divinity, but by the little pink silk boots she wears at night, many yards of silver lace, and the bodices—oh, ye gods!—that encase her form, he scrapes acquaintance with the Light Comedian.

“How'd'ye-do, Mr. Swellmore? Fine evening,” says Twoshoes.

“Good-evening!”

“Going to the theatre?”

“Yes.”

Happy Swellmore!

“Mr. Swellmore, might I ask you to do me a great favour?”

The Light Comedian's thoughts immediately go to Sweetie, as he smiles and answers.

“With pleasure.”

“Thanks, so much!” says delighted Twoshoes. “Will you give Miss Bonbon this bouquet for me?”

(When Twoshoes calls her “Miss Bonbon,” which he always does before the cold and heartless world, he says “Sweetie” to himself, by way of compensation.)

Swellmore takes the gage in as matter-of-fact a manner as if it were a rope of onions or a certificate of vaccination.

“I can't make you fellows out,” remarks the veteran lover as they stroll side by side towards the stage door. “I saw you yesterday with young Charlotte (the son of the Dean). I thought you were rivals.”

“Oh! no,” says Twoshoes, flushing.

“Of course you know Sweetie is engaged?”

Twoshoes sighs a long “X—a-s!” “But she's not married,” he says, quickly.

“No; and she won't marry till she has saved sufficient to buy her mother an annuity, that's settled.”

Poor Twoshoes's heart thrills under this news. “Rawson is not worthy of such a treasure,” he exclaims, mentally; and then affects high spirits, and says, “We've a bet at Aldershot you can decide. What's the name of the genius who is shut up in the bottle of Harvey's sauce?”

“Soyez tranquille,” answers the actor. “But, tell me, how is it that, knowing what you know, you still run after Sweetie as you did at first?”

“Oh!” answered the Ensign, “We come as sweethearts—stop as friends.”

It is hard to think that these charming Princesses and Princesses should be ever other than the bright, sparkling, lustrous creatures we see them on the stage; that sickness and poverty should fall on such satiated and bejewelled creatures as on mere everyday folk in broadcloth and fustian; that headache should harbour beneath such piquant eyes, and toothache take up a residence near such sweet lips. But, though beauty may fade, and bad husbands, tiresome children, a yellow complexion, and portliness of figure declare themselves, “a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon—or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly.” And the Burlesque Actress can make many real friends; and, when the triumphs of the theatre are past and gone, and her eldest daughter is thinking of “coming out,” she may ask her admirers—now swollen out into portly gentlemen—whether they do not remember her famous songs of “Ribstone pippins” and “A taking of the milk in the morn,” and play the old refrains on the piano, where her fingers look more dumpy, perhaps with use of powder-puff, and rolling-pin, and thimble than of yore, till one stoutish party, perhaps Twoshoes, retired on half-pay, may exclaim enthusiastically to Sweetie's, old Sweetie's husband, “By Jove, George, clever as Clarissa may be, she'll never be her mother!”

T. W. R.

THE MILLWALL IRON COMPANY are making plates for an iron fort at Cronstadt; and Messrs. Brown, of Sheffield, are making some of an immense thickness for the Belgian Government, to be used in the construction of some additional iron defences at Antwerp. France, it is said, intends similar works on all the more important points of Cherbourg's sea defences.

NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.—Under the French Concordat, no Papa bull has any validity in France without the consent of the State; but Cardinal Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, has not only introduced but obeyed one abolishing the Gallican liturgy in favour of that of Rome. He has gone a little too far: the Prefect has been ordered to stop the circulation and execution of the bull, and the Cardinal may be called upon to answer for his conduct before the Council of State.

THE RE GALANTUOMO.—The North Star returned to New York on the 28th ult. from a cruise in search of the Italian frigate *Re Galantuomo*, which was spoken at sea in a sinking condition. The North Star cruised as far south as Bermuda, and east to long. 55 W., lat. 33 N., making a zigzag course, running two hours one way and three hours the other both on the southern and eastern coasts. Steered north-east to Sable Island, from lat. 33 and thence to the vicinity of Halifax, and passed directly over the spot where the frigate was last seen, but not a vestige of any wreck or materials were in view. The North Star sailed over about 2800 miles of sea during the cruise.

FINE ARTS.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

An old friend with a fresh title, the “New Water Colour,” comes out with a more than ordinarily good exhibition, on arriving at its thirtieth year. It is strongest in landscapes, but by no means deficient in good figure-subjects. Of the latter the one most likely to attract attention is Mr. Jopling's “Pluffy” (232), in which a golden-haired girl is dandling a queer, little, downy puppy. We could almost have wished a prettier face—one less marked by the faults of the pre-Raphaelite school; but there can be no doubt of its careful painting. The flesh tints are pure and clear, and the texture of the robe is very good; and a clouded amber necklace is brought in with great effect. Next to this ranks Mr. Corbould's “Morte d'Arthur” (282), which has all the clover drawing to be expected of that artist, though the colouring is questionable in parts, we fancy; for instance, in the kneeling female figure in front, where what is meant for moonlight gives a deathlike colour, while the absence of reflected torchlight on the chin, for example—tends to give the figure an unnatural fitness. The queen, who is leaning over Arthur, and Arthur's figure are very well painted; but in the case of the latter we cannot help noticing that his left hand seems to have died much sooner than his right, or, indeed, any other part of him.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's “Eleventh Hour” (203), a brigand, attended by his wife, on the eve of his execution, displays great knowledge of the figure (we have seldom seen better drawing), and is very broad and good in colouring. We cannot give our unqualified praise to Mr. Bouvier's “Maids of Honour” (184), though the pretty faces plead hard. The background wants distance, rising like a wall instead of retiring as a lawn. But “The Cayan Slave” (217) is quite as lovely as her English sisters, and, besides, is a rare bit of colouring. Decidedly the most ambitious picture in the collection is Mr. Tidey's “Night of the Betrayal” (233); but, though very good in some points, we like the last compartment best. It is, as a whole, disappointing.

Mr. Charles Cattermole more than sustains the honour of the name. There is a delicate finish about his work not to be found in the elder Cattermole. We shall be much astonished if he continues long out of the list of members, for the exhibition owes much of its excellence to his industrious pencil. “The Casting of the Perseus” (116) is the largest of his pictures, full of life and vigour, and rich in colour. But “The Sale of Jaffier's Goods” (85), “Troops on the March” (94), “The Warder” (121), and “The Lady of Branksome” (122), all claim honourable mention. “Plunder” (17), which we saw at the Langham Chambers a little while since, is also remarkably good; and “The Virtuoso” (201) is a gem which would do credit to Meissonnier. An admirable bit of grouping, too, is No. 219—soldiers marching out of a wood.

Mr. O. Green, who has, we believe, been lately made an associate, has some creditable little pictures, though we wish he would break up his drapery a little less into wrinkles, rather than folds. It is a fault of industry rather than carelessness, but it mars a good effect at times, as may be observed in No. 200. His “Cheap Jack” (211) is full of character and humour; and he displays in No. 119, “The Lost Friend”—where a little girl is sole mourner at the funeral of a pet dog—a considerable power of depicting pathos. The child's face and figure are piteous, and the old man's is lifelike; but even here the breadth of effect is broken up by the manipulation of the shading.

Mr. Absolon exhibits several pictures in his well-known style, of which we like best “The Dinner” (100); and Mr. Wehnert is represented by two paintings.

There are also some capital fruit pieces, with here and there a bright-eyed, soft-plumed bird, for which we say enough when we say they are in Mr. Harrison Weir's best style.

Among the landscapes it is difficult to decide which we like best, an indication which a glimpse at the list of members and associates will at once explain.

Of the marine painters, Mr. Hayes stands, here as elsewhere, unquestionably first. There are such evidences of a loving truthfulness to nature in all his work that it cannot but be successful. How admirably, as in No. 12, he represents a broken sea: where the masts of passing vessels crossing each other at sharp angles indicate the chopping of the waves. Or, again, as in No. 19, how faithfully he catches the broken “roller” as it spreads in a glassy sheet—half transparent, half reflective—over the sand. His “Tantallon Castle” (161), an evening scene, is marvellous for its fidelity and solemn beauty.

Mr. Philp would do well to study Mr. Hayes' seas; for many of Mr. Philp's pictures, to which we could otherwise give unqualified praise, fall off in this particular. His “Whitsand Bay” (160) is, nevertheless, very good. Mr. Robins is another painter who should study the motion of the sea a little more carefully. His inland views are full of merit—No. 46, for example, or No. 143. We must not, however, close our list of the marine views without a word of praise to Mr. Hine, whose “Rocks at Swanage” (243) and “Rye Market” (55) are very fine; but, indeed, all his paintings are worthy of note.

The scenery of Italy finds a portrayer, as usual, in the hands of Mr. Rowbotham. The blue skies, the pellucid lakes, the rosy mountains of the South are very delicious to look at; but, when we see how Mr. Rowbotham can paint “England” (212), we feel half inclined to wish he would be a little more patriotic, and depict her beauties oftener. A veritable gem is this truly English glimpse of country, with its picturesque cottage. In Mr. Shalders, too, we have a thoroughly English artist. The green lanes, the sunny slopes, the umbrageous elms of our isle have seldom found a more loving portrayer. We do not recollect having had the good fortune ever to see a more thorough picture of nature than his “Alton, Hants” (65)—a landscape full of light, such as we see on a hot summer day, that drives the panting sheep into the shade, and sends their young guardian into a profound sleep under the hedgerow elms. Another equally good landscape is No. 61, lit by the last red tinge of sunset. But for a bit of exquisitely-painted distance commend us to “Ranmore Common” (274). Any of Mr. Shalders' pictures will be found a pleasant study; but next to those we have mentioned we should rank Nos. 142 and 285.

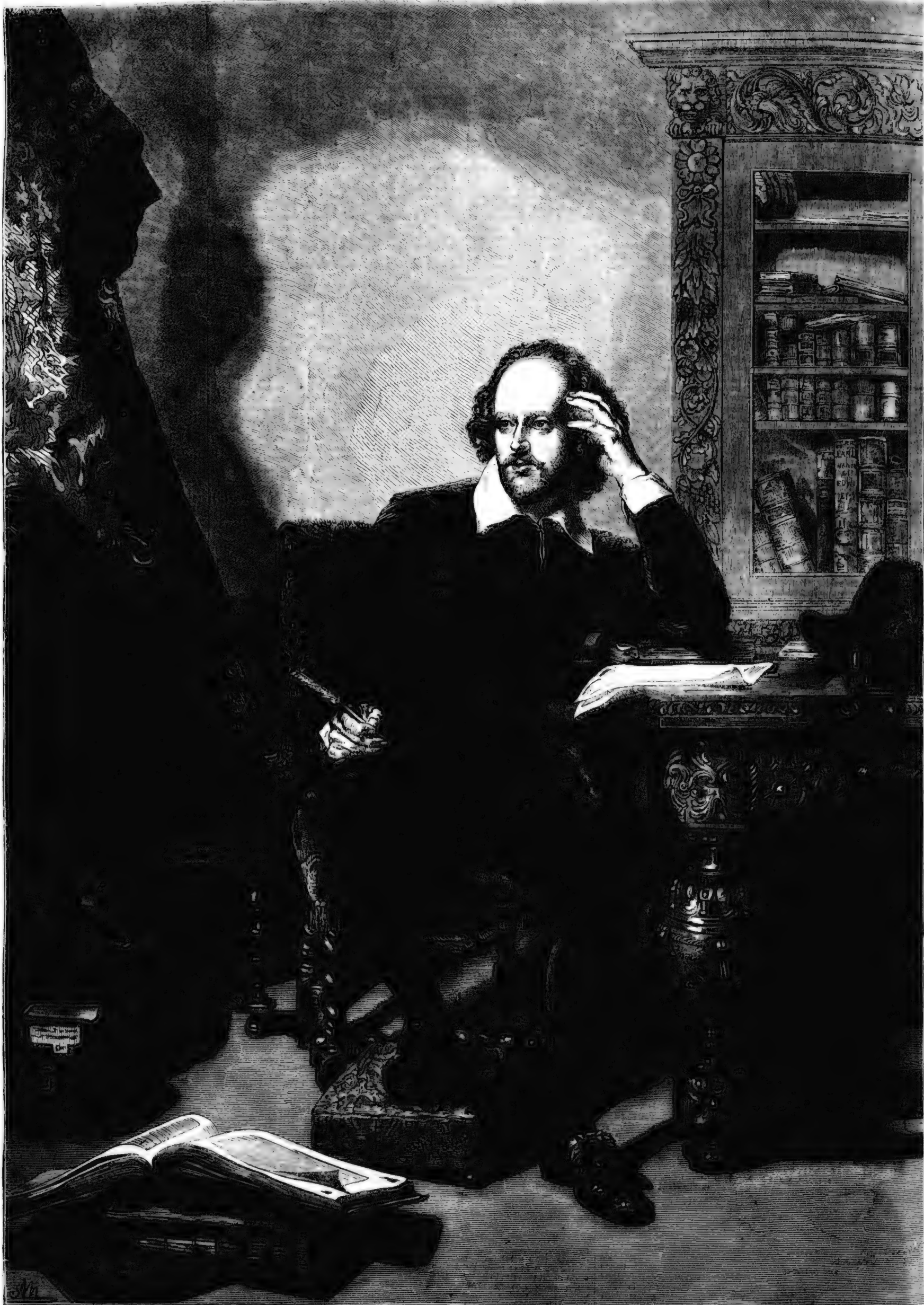
Mr. Whympy is another faithful student of nature. His “Bendet Ferry” (246) is very real, and a “Hayfield on the Banks of the Thames” (198) is a vivid little picture that lives long in the mind's eye. “A Cornfield” (73) and the “Old Farm Rookery” (269) set us longing for the summer and a week or so's escape to the country, of which they tell us so plainly.

We can always rely upon Mr. McKean for some delightful reminiscences of scenery—whether a tumbling torrent (24), or a picturesque mill (32), or a ruined castle standing up lone and weird against the gloaming sky, as in No. 108, which is noticeable for a novel but very truthful effect of cloud and sky. Another capital sunset effect is to be seen in “Dolwyddlan Valley” (245), a picture full of the wildness and romance of rugged Wales.

Few artists paint sunshine more successfully than Mr. Mole. His “Baiting Hooks” (31) overflows with light. A view “Near Port Madoe” (297) is his chief contribution, in which the rendering of the rocks is remarkably felicitous. A view “Near Hampstead” (162) should not be overlooked.

For quiet, shady nooks among the trees by the side of whispering streams, where the sunbeams are sprinkled through overhanging boughs, we must go to Mr. Pidgeon. No. 57—“A Brook”—is full of this quiet beauty, but we are positively rapt in admiration of No. 221—“A Deserted Eel trap on a Beck near Windermere”—the foliage is painted with great care and fidelity to nature, and the sunlight-pool in the foreground is bright and transparent. Other pictures set one wishing to be in the country: this almost persuades you that you are there.

Our space will not permit us to do more than mention with praise the landscapes of Mr. Penley, among which we would draw attention especially to Nos. 29, 50, and 314. Mr. Haghe's “Cathedral of Munster” (83), with its bar of sunlight dying away mistily on the sculptured screen; Mr. Leitch's “Moel Siabod” (101), and Mr. D'Egeville's “River Mole” (172), in which a ruffle



PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.—(FROM A PICTURE.)

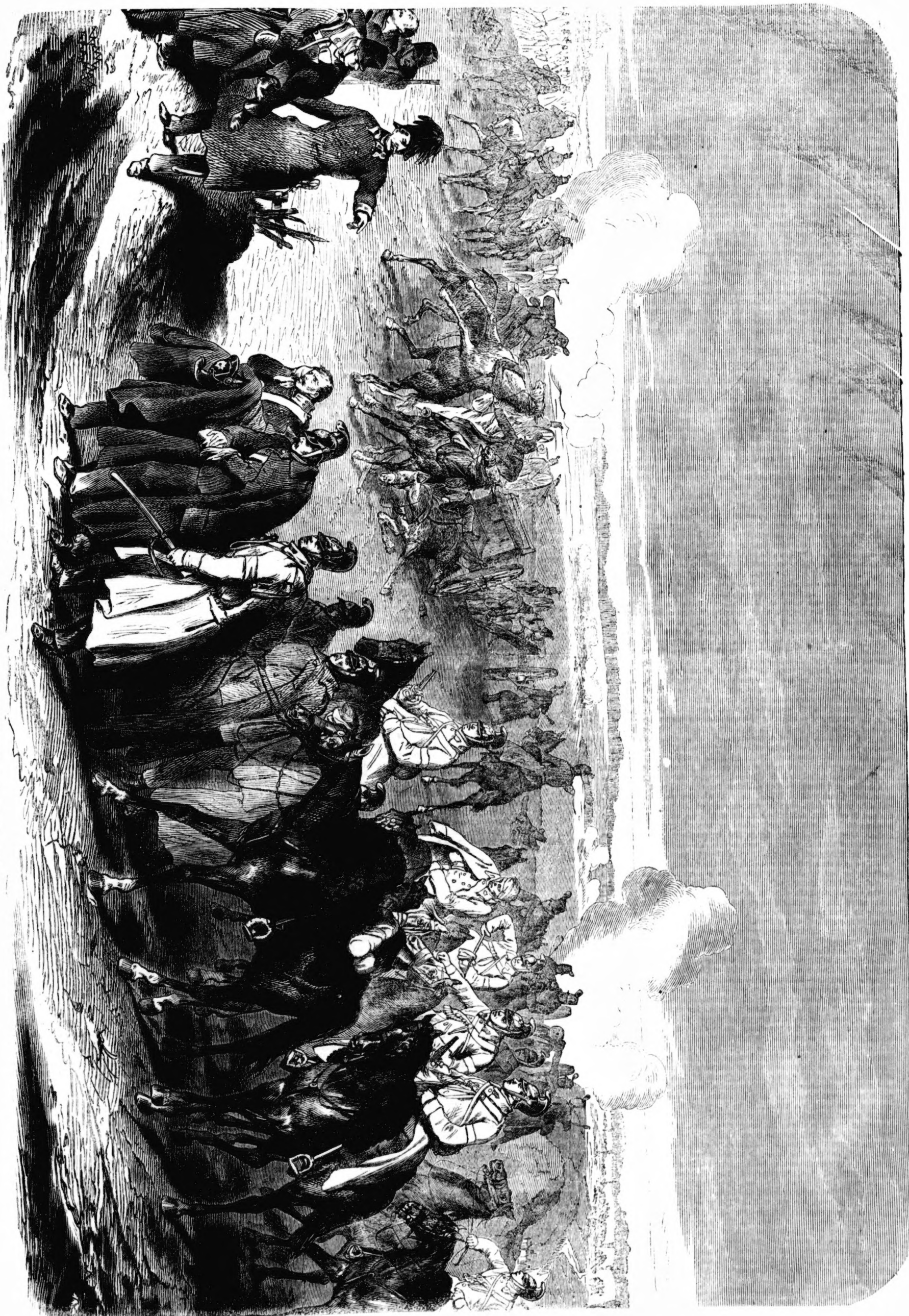
of wind on the still water in the mid distance is wonderfully good; and the Eastern views of Mr. Vacher. Mr. Telbin also contributes an Eastern view—the "Sea of Galilee" (296), with, in the distance, those purple mountains of Moab, the colouring of which is only to be believed in by those who have seen them.

Who has forgotten Mr. E. G. Warren's "Rest in Cool and Shady

Wood" in the International? There are two more gems in this style here, full of beauty and reality, Nos. 256 and 260, such glimpses of distant country from among dim arcades of trees! His "Folding Time" (310) is eloquent of the charm of the hour.

Mr. Carl Werner's picture, did we speak of the exhibitors in order of merit, should have been mentioned before. The "Carpet Bazaar

at Cairo" (254) is as fine as a miniature; but the visitor to St. Paul-mall, will be sure, for his own sake, to look out Mr. Werner's four paintings, and they will speak for themselves. We must not close our notice without a word of praise for Mr. Richardson and Mr. J. C. Reed, who have some excellent landscapes on the walls. Mr. Noble's busts, speaking likenesses of the Queen and the late



THE DANISH RETREAT BEFORE THE USTRIAN TROOPS AT VEILE—SEE PAGE 262.

Prince Consort, have been lent to the society by Mr. W. F. White, and stand in the centre of the gallery.

MR. BARRETT'S "DRAWINGROOM AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE."

There is so much glare and glitter inseparable from Court ceremonies that we could hardly hope to find Mr. Barrett so successful as he has been in the treatment of his subject. Fortunately, he possesses a thorough appreciation of the full value of colour; and, instead of a picture like a bed of tulips, we have a really good composition, bright enough to be true but not too bright to be artistic. By throwing the shadow of the canopy on the wall behind the Royal group Mr. Barrett has contrived to throw it out in fine relief and thus centre around it the interest which would otherwise have been divided with the throng of English beauty and English nobility which fills the picture to the spectator's right. The likenesses, as a whole, are most successful. That of the Queen is one of the best we remember to have seen. Lord Gough, Sir Charles Phipps, Lord Harris, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, and the Hon. F. Byng cannot fail to be recognised by those who have seen them. The more generally known heads of Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Derby, Viscount Granville, and Colonel Macdonald are also among the happy resemblances. Among the ladies the Duchess of Wellington and the lovely Lady Constance Grosvenor will be certain to catch the spectator's eye. Nor will he fail to dwell with pleasure on the familiar features of the popular favourite Princess Mary of Cambridge. Without sacrificing the truth, Mr. Barrett has harmonised the bright colours of Court dresses and subdued the whole effect in a most masterly manner; and he may congratulate himself on the complete success of his two years of labour—labour not even yet completed, for here and there we can detect places where the busy brush has not had time yet to do all its work.

It is to be hoped this truly historical picture will become Royal property, if not national, for it has even now a more than ordinary value as a chronicle of Victorian worthies. The Prince Consort, Lord Clyde, Lord Herbert of Lea—these are some of the great ones gone from among us, but living here on the artist's canvas.

Mr. Barrett has had more than ordinary opportunities of ensuring that accuracy in details, which, coupled with his skill both in composition and colour and the happiness of his portraiture, cannot fail to render this picture most interesting to the public, who will be enabled to catch a glimpse of the pageantry we are not all of us privileged to behold.

THE OPERAS.

THE opera has become a political arena, and the great events of the last ten days in the world of music have been the visits made by Garibaldi, first to Covent Garden, and afterwards to Her Majesty's Theatre. Garibaldi's first appearance in an English theatre took place on Thursday (the 14th), when he was induced to attend a performance of the Royal Italian Opera, the announcement of which had the effect of letting almost every place in the house. To prevent overcrowding, the manager had taken the wise precaution of converting the few remaining rows of what is called the pit into stalls; and, as he had doubtless anticipated, the high price charged for seats as far as possible from the stage kept some of them without occupants throughout the evening. The best thing Mr. Gye could do now would be to abolish the pit altogether. When people are once used to it they will not mind paying a good price for a bad seat; but they are sure to make a fuss if called upon to give a guinea one night for what another night is let for 7s. The gradual absorption of the pit at the Royal Italian Opera has been going on for years past. Like a musical diminuendo ending at last in silence, so the diminution of the area devoted to comparatively cheap seats at the back of the stalls terminated the other night in disappearance. The department in question had already become little better than a pen for inclosing the recipients of what the French call *billets de faveur*. In the old pre-revolutionary days of the French Opera such persons used to be all placed together in some conspicuous part of the theatre, that their behaviour might be open to observation, and that they might be promptly turned out if they hissed. There is no fear of any one hissing at the Royal Italian Opera; and it is difficult to understand what purpose the two or three rows of seats at the back of the stalls can now serve. We hear on certain special occasions of the free-list being "suspended;" but instead of being "suspended" it will be crushed, if any farther attempt is made to reduce the already far too narrow limits within which it is compressed. Who does not know the awful story of the dungeon which became smaller and smaller until at last its solitary occupant found that it was closing upon him? In this case, however, the recognised position of the unfortunate man was that of a prisoner; whereas the persons who are actually imprisoned, and who run the risk, one of these days, of being stifled, in Covent Garden pit, constitute what is called the "free-list." Seriously, the best and fairest arrangement would be to do away with the pit; to have nothing but numbered stalls on the ground floor; and to establish a graduated scale of charges, ranging from half-a-guinea to a guinea or five-and-twenty shillings for the different rows. A theatrical director in England is not obliged to keep a pit, and if he really cares for the convenience of the public (which in the end is very like caring for his own profit) he certainly ought to have no such pit as is still maintained by way of form at the Royal Italian Opera. In former times the frequenters of the patent theatres felt that they had certain rights, the managers enjoying certain privileges, for which they had duties to perform; but in the present day a manager owes nothing to the public. With his subscribers he has, of course, entered into a contract; but from the rest of the world he may ask whatever he pleases, and it would be to the advantage of the director of the Royal Italian Opera to ask a little more than seven shillings for places which might be made nearly as good as those now sold (when purchasers can be found, which is not always) at a guinea.

Another remarkable departure from operatic customs took place on the occasion of Garibaldi's visit, both at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden. For the first time on record a gentleman was admitted to the boxes without a dress-coat. The hero of the evening was known to be unprovided with that—in the eyes of the operatic managers—indispensable article of evening attire; and through the kindness of Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson he was at each theatre allowed to sit out the whole performance clothed in his grey cape, beneath which, from time to time, his red shirt could be seen. It would be well if managers would at last perceive the propriety of waiving the regulation as to dress in the case of all foreigners, if not as regards the public generally. The frequenters of the opera, whatever the rule might be, would be sure to attire themselves so as not to shock the managerial eye; and if some Englishman, fresh from the country and unburdened with luggage, did from time to time make his appearance in a frock coat, who would be the worse for it? At present a foreigner, ignorant of our ridiculous operatic customs, may be refused admission, even after he has purchased his ticket, if he happens to have a coloured cravat round his neck. This to many a Frenchman has proved a greater nuisance than the passport system of which we used formerly to complain so much on visiting France. It was easy enough to get a passport, and it is easy enough to put on a dress coat; but, on the other hand, to those who are not used to it, it may be as disagreeable to be inspected and examined by checktakers at the barriers of the London operas as it is to us Englishmen to be questioned and delayed by police and custom-house officials abroad. However, Garibaldi has been allowed to go to the Opera without a dress coat, and this is, perhaps, the greatest mark of attention—at all events, it is the most exceptional one—that has been shown him during his stay in London. "The era of revolutions to us is closed, and freedom is, as it regards ourselves, an accomplished thing," said the Chamberlain of London, on Wednesday last, in addressing Garibaldi. That is all very well; but, at the same time, Garibaldi would have gained new liberty for Englishmen and for all who visit England if his appearance at the Opera in a grey cape could only be made a precedent. Under the circumstances, it would be well if Sir

Robert Peel, who has already fought on behalf of liberty of costume, would try once more to enter the Royal Italian Opera in a shooting-jacket.

It would be superfluous to give any long and detailed account of the performances witnessed by Garibaldi. We must mention, however, that the night of his visit to Mr. Gye's establishment a new bass, with a magnificent voice, a good style, and a queer name (*Dr. Schmidt* he calls himself), sung the part of Oroveso in "Norma." His success was unequivocal, and he is undoubtedly a most valuable addition to the company. M^{me}. Lagras was, of course, the Norma of the evening. The inferior part of Adalgisa was assigned to that by no means superior vocalist M^{lle}. Battu; Pollio, Signor Naudin.

The great piece of the evening, however, was "Masaniello," or, rather, two acts of it; and Garibaldi seemed quite delighted with the manner in which the great revolutionary scenes of this eminently revolutionary opera were performed. For "Masaniello" is not only revolutionary itself, it has also to some extent been the cause of revolution (or, rather, of revolutionary feeling) in others. Its great success in France was achieved in 1830 during those "days of June" at one time considered so remarkably "glorious;" and those who had been present in the morning at real barricades went to see the barricades of Auber's opera in the evening, and fancied, when they heard the duet

O saint amour de la patrie, &c.,

that they had been fighting for their native land, whereas it is now known that all they had been fighting for was the introduction of Republican principles. However, the Parisian revolution found itself, as it were, set to music in "Masaniello;" and, although Auber's masterpiece must have succeeded in any country where men and women have ears to hear and do hear, it gained some additional popularity from the political incidents which occurred immediately after its production, and which presented so striking an analogy to those on which "Masaniello" is based. It had been suggested that "William Tell" would be a more appropriate opera than even "Masaniello" to perform in presence of Garibaldi. But we fancy Garibaldi would rather have heard Mario than Wachtel; and then it must be remembered that "Masaniello," though composed by a Frenchman, is a thoroughly Italian work. Liberty, it is true, does not quite get the best of it in Auber's opera; and perhaps it is for this reason that its representation is tolerated in countries where "William Tell" can only be played as a sort of travesty, and with the successful attack upon Geiser omitted or quite altered. "Masaniello," it will be observed, goes mad; and the moral drawn from the piece by the censors of despotic Governments is, no doubt, that revolutionary enterprises lead naturally to madness, even if those who engage in them are not mad from the very beginning.

At Her Majesty's Theatre "Lucrezia Borgia" and a cantata written for the occasion by Signor Arditri were the entertainments offered to Garibaldi—as far, at least, as music was concerned. But there was dancing to follow, and the performance ended with a ballet, which the guest of the evening, in spite of his notoriously early habits, had the patience and wakefulness to sit out.

Literature.

The Life of Goethe. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Second Edition. Partly Rewritten. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Thirteen thousand copies (says Mr. Lewes in his present preface) have been sold in England and Germany of this life of Goethe. The enormous majority of that number would, of course, considering the price of the first edition, have been disposed of in Germany; but we should think *this* edition would sell very largely in England. The fact is, Mr. Lewes has so overflowing a mind, and so liberal a faculty of expression, that, touch whatever subject he will, he is sure to produce a book of broad general interest, filled with philosophic suggestion—such a book as hurried students soon find out how to use as a crib. We warmly commend the present volume to thoughtful readers, not only as a biography of Goethe, but as a little library of criticism on science, books, and life.

On the whole, the work has gained in dignity of tone, and also in unity, by the revision it has undergone; but it is, perhaps, a little cold and cautious here and there. It was well to omit the short, last sentence of the first edition; but some of us would have liked to see, in a foot-note, the happy digression about the mothers of great men—which, however, we miss. There are a few errors of the press—to which, unluckily, we have lost our reference; but they occur where passages have been reconstructed—some trace of the old verbal machinery showing under the new, like the moon of last month in the arms of the moon of this.

It is a very curious thing, considering how the famous question of Goethe's "heart" has been bandied up and down creation for ever so long, that so few really direct words have been said about it. We make the worshippers a present of the Frederica business, which it is idle and almost dishonest even to affect to discuss in print, because any man of imagination can think of a dozen ways of looking at a story of jilting which would not be suffered in words at all, because the essence of the question is counted among the *taecenda*. We also make them a present of the bar of platinum, for argument's sake, though we think it a most disgraceful bit of business. We do not doubt at all that Goethe could be kind and magnanimous; but what of it? He was bound to be so, and if a man in his position, with the constitution of a horse and the world at his feet, is to be commended for such a thing as befriending that wretched Karl, why, all we can say is, that virtue begins where praise leaves off. But let us come closer to the question of "heart." The instinct of the world (not the foolish world) has decided this question, and the current is not to be turned back. In "Romola" there is a striking passage about Savonarola, which refers to the "intensely human" expression of the man's eye and face as an index of his eminent fitness for the true priestly function. Well, we never saw Father Mathew, but we do not doubt that his face had precisely that expression—an expression which we all know when we see it, and which we all recognise as the external sign of "heart." Charles Lamb had it; Schiller had it; Goethe had it *not*. A man may possess it, and yet be ignoble; but, without it, he is not the man whom his lovers make out Goethe to have been. We cannot pursue the question here; but the *want* which we thus rapidly hint at is apparent in almost every line Goethe wrote that is not purely literary or scientific. Such men as he may, and constantly do, receive a great deal of love from others, but it is hardly a fair bargain between the parties.

In closing this necessarily brief notice of a conspicuous work, we can, with the highest sincerity, adopt the commonplace that it is a book without which no library is complete. It is got up in most excellent taste.

After Breakfast; or, Pictures Done with a Quill. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. 2 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

Mr. Sala follows up his "Breakfast in Bed" with "After Breakfast," a collection of magazine essays and descriptions executed in his best style and on excellent subjects. It is not every writer from whom readers would willingly take large masses of literature, founded, at least as far as regards the title, on the meals of the day. But Mr. Sala is an exception; and as long as he writes with his past and present brilliancy, people will always be glad to add such volumes as "After Breakfast" to their "Dutch Pictures" and "Journey Due North." Some day we may see a book called "Towards Tea-time;" and if there should ever be something small and pungent, and described as "A Nightcap," the social series will be complete. The present volumes are mainly culled from "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." The subjects are varied in character—from the last Royal wedding to a description of Bedlam and the Children's Hospital. Those three are exceedingly good papers. Sir Sydney Smith's escape from the Temple is told with humour, added to history. The invention of lithography is sketched, and a "pull" on what may be called the streets of Venice—Mr. Sala was always fond of streets as well as

boots—gives a new turn to many London ideas of the place. But there are at least five-and-twenty different subjects treated in these two volumes. To read them will be found delightful, while to read a description of them could tend to no man's enjoyment; but so rarely has Mr. Sala been seen in verse, that exceptional applause must be given to his "Caviar and Rudsheimer," a ballad which may fairly stand shoulder to shoulder with Thackeray's famous "Bonillabaisse." Here the volumes are left, with a cordial recommendation to all readers who know how to admire something grave and gay, full of humour, and that which invariably accompanies it, kind-heartedness; and, moreover, in many chapters valuable for sound sense and curious and useful information.

Curiosities of Savage Life. By JAMES GREENWOOD, Author of "Wild Sports of the World." First and Second Series. Woodcuts by Hardus S. Melville, and coloured Illustrations by F. W. Keyl and R. Huttula. S. O. Beeton.

Two portly volumes, carefully written and compiled, having each line jealously devoted to savage life, at once suggest an enormous allowance of horrors; and, indeed, so searching has been the labour of Mr. Greenwood, that probably there is not sufficient savagery left to make up a decent-sized appendix. It might be thought from this piling of the pyramid of agony, that the book itself would have an effect on weak nerves in no way inferior to a short residence in Feejee, or the announcement that an eminent Cannibal had been "put up" at the club. But this is not the case. The book is decidedly agreeable, from its pleasant style, and closeness, and variety of anecdote and information. Mr. Greenwood sets out by saying that a properly cultivated young English gentleman would have no chance of "realising, for his contemplation and instruction, a perfect savage." His idea would be that, owing to our splendid missionary system, our aggressive commercial policy in every part of the world, and the natural tendency of things to improve, the genuine, hearty, honest old savage had become a thing of the past. No such thing. There are millions on millions of human beings whose savagery we are only just now beginning to find out. There are worse places than Dahomey, although we think Captain Burton hasty in his chivalrous attempts to whitewash that part of the world. The pirates of Borneo and the Chinese waters are not yet extinct, although the Dido, the Nemesis, and Rajah Sir James Brooke's Royalist taught them manners for a time. Many millions of people, besides Parisian ladies, are accustomed to the use of paint; and, objectionable as is the rage for dress in all European capitals, we cannot compliment the many millions alluded to on their taste in going to the opposite extreme. Indeed, if the greater part of the world be not absolutely savage, it is not too much to say that only a small portion of it is actually civilised. However, Mr. Greenwood deals with the actually savage classes, and traces them from the day they are born to the day they are eaten, with an extra chapter for some of the more indigestible aristocrats who come in for burial. Thus the various divisions of the book embrace savage birth and boyhood; savage pastime; savage adornment, courtship, and marriage; savage domestic economy; savage law (without lawyers!); criminal and civil; savage architecture, savage Kings and Courts, savage M.D.'s, savage warfare, incidents of personal peril and discomforts of travellers and explorers, religious rites and superstitions, and savage death and burial. Each chapter "surveys the habitable globe," and each savage place is carefully picked and preserved. Each chapter necessarily touches upon many races. Abyssinians, Borneans, Dahomans, New Zealanders, and a hundred others may be associated; but the general effect and plan of the book is well preserved. From every traveller whose accounts are worth anything in the present day Mr. Greenwood has drawn good material, and arranged it with infinitely better effect than usually happens with such laborious work. No attempt at extracting would, in any reasonable space, sustain our good opinion. To give even one of the author's epitomes might require a column. The subjects are many and vast. For instance, as the introduction says, "Take the institution of 'tapu' (taboo). Volumes treble the size of this have been written on subjects infinitely less important and curious. Whole nations are ruled by it. By its pleasure and pain are meted out to them; in an instant its mysterious working revolutionises entire colonies of trembling savages; it makes the threshold of a man's house impassable to him; deprives him for a time of the power of his limbs, of his favourite dishes, of the services of his wife or his sons and daughters. Yet, so far from being regarded as a hardship, the institution of tapu, wherever it is met, is regarded with religious awe, and its mandates rigorously observed." The book will be welcome to all readers. It is a handsome contribution to that class of literature which borders upon compilation, but which is quite original from its freshness of idea and treatment.

Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information, &c. S. O. Beeton.

This volume is described as comprising a complete summary of the moral, mathematical, physical, and natural sciences; a plain description of the arts; an interesting synopsis of literary knowledge; with the pronunciation of every leading term. To effect this somewhat severe range of contemplation are required no less than sixteen hundred and sixty-four octavo pages of small print. It is a mountain of information; and, to master it, a prisoner for life would have no chance unless he began early and had studied "Huffand on Longevity" from his very cradle. Remembering, then, that it is not impossible to travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren, we have cautiously refrained from reading from "A, the first letter of the alphabet," down to "Zymotic Diseases." With that last the Dictionary has done its worst; there is absolutely no word beginning with double z. But an occasional plunge into the pages of this enormous storehouse is sufficient to show that fair ability and conscientiousness have been bestowed on the work, and that it must therefore be valuable to all who do not already possess those books upon which this is founded. There are numerous woodcuts. The present volume, it should be explained, is a companion to its predecessor, which furnished a full account of geography, history, biography, mythology, and biblical knowledge, together with a chronological record. Together, the two volumes may be said to "explain everything," as the young lady in "Tancred" said of the "Vestiges of Creation." A wonderful book, indeed!

The Principles of Agriculture. By WILLIAM BLAND, M.R.A.S., Author of "Principles of Construction in Arches, Piers, Buttresses, &c." Second Edition. Longman and Co.

This is the second edition of a very little work which has done good service in its time. Originally published so long since as the year 1827, "the present edition has," says the author, "the advantage of longer practical experience in my profession, combined with acquisition of the experience of others carefully attested, and some additional matter has been introduced." Within the small space of 127 pages the author manages to give plain, readable chapters on the analyses of vegetables, the sources of the food of plants, and on the ability of man to increase or diminish the supply. Mr. Bland is a thorough Meehi-ite in his liberality to the soil. A description of the fallow follows, and then chapters on manures, variation of crops, the benefit of laying land for a time down to grass, draining, the nature and power of different plants, and the courses of crops. Concluding chapters give hints to young agriculturists and hints to landlords. Mr. Bland's style is simple, although not so simple as he supposes, and may probably be found embarrassing to at least a few "young agriculturists." But, if they take the trouble, the majority will surely find that the reasoning is certainly clear, and that the logical deduction of effects from causes explains very much that should be at every farmer's finger-ends. It is all very well for the "Gardening Column" of a newspaper to tell its readers to "now do so-and-so;" but agriculture is literally a matter of life and death, and it is essential that its principles, as well as its practice, should be alike familiar. Mr. Bland's little volume may be recommended as the most closely condensed treatise on this most important subject.

D. Woodcock, Chemist, Lincoln.

